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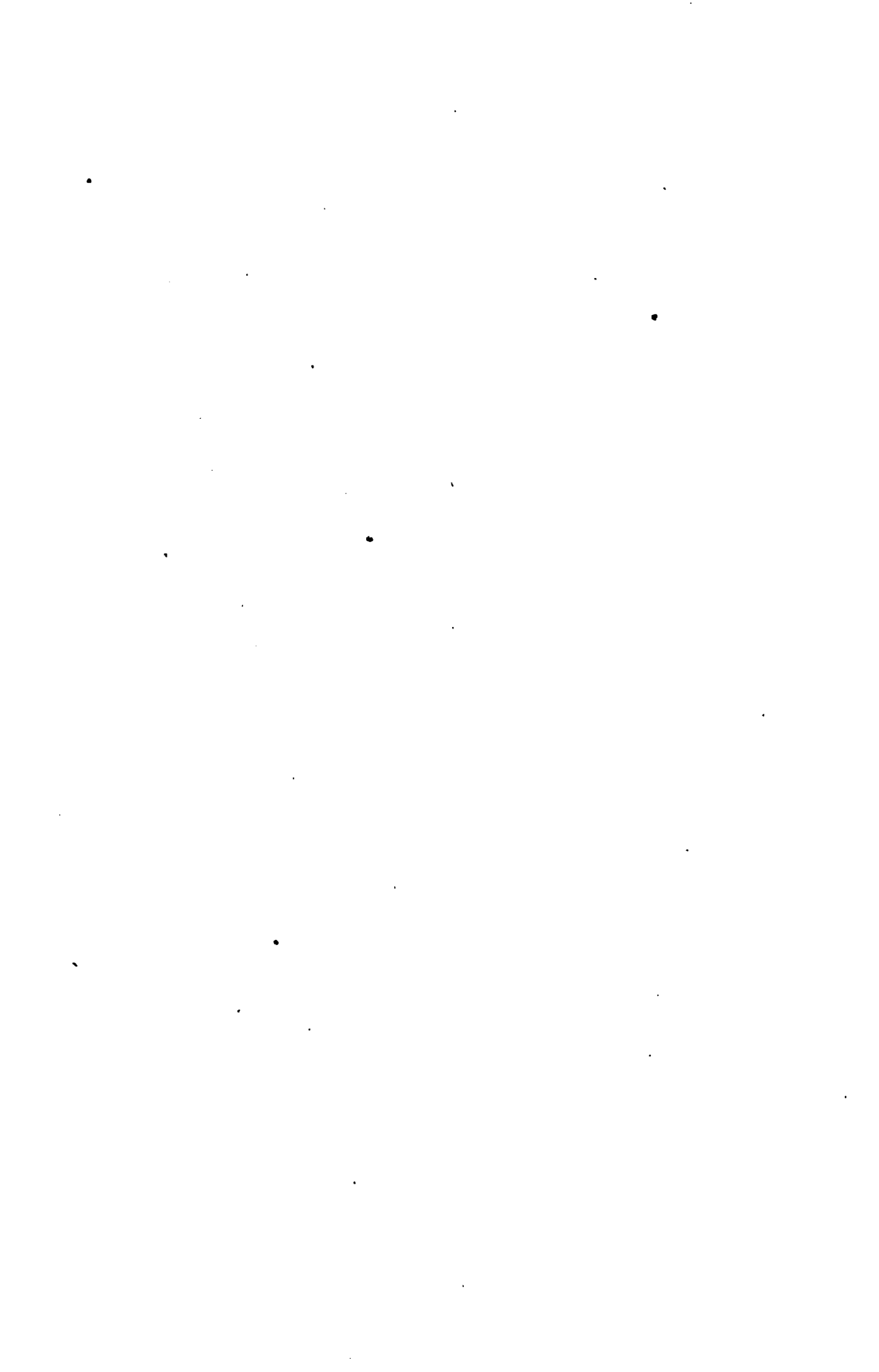
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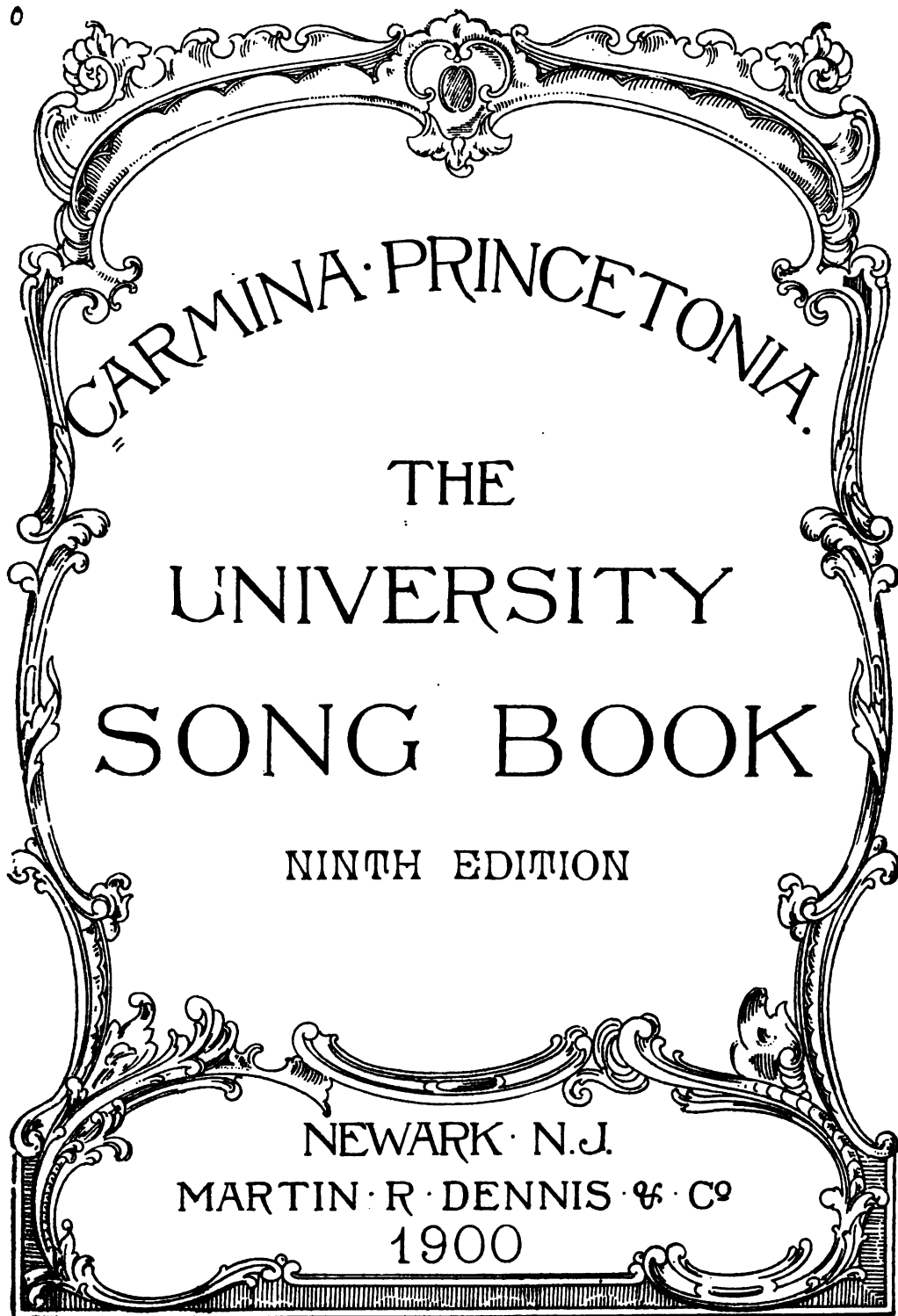
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1918





CARMINA · PRINCETONIA.

THE
UNIVERSITY
SONG BOOK

NINTH EDITION

NEWARK · N.J.
MARTIN · R · DENNIS · & · C^o
1900

Luckhardt & Golding

10 EAST 57th STREET,

NEW YORK.

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NEWARK, N. J.**

**MUSIC TYPOGRAPHED,
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NEW YORK.**

**PRINTED AND BOUND BY L. J. HARDHAM,
NEWARK, N. J.**

TO THE
PRINCETON GLEE CLUB,
AND TO
THE ALUMNI AND STUDENTS
OF
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED.

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P R E F A C E.



FOR the ninth time the publishers present to Princeton and to the friends of Princeton, a new edition of the University Song Book. Older graduates will recall the book under its title of "Carmina Princetonia," and they will find in the pages that follow many of the old songs of their undergraduate days. With the marvellous expansion of the college, and with the addition of new songs year after year, it has been deemed advisable to enlarge the book, retaining the old favorites and adding the new ones—not only those new to Princeton and adopted into the family of Princeton songs, but many which are new to the college world, and many, which because of their musical beauty and because of their ready adaptation to undergraduate uses, are practically what is known as "college songs."

The lover of music will find in this book the beautifully classic songs of Stephen G. Foster, which appeal to every one with irresistible force: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Folks at Home" (better known, perhaps, as "Suwanee Ribber"), "Old Black Joe," and others. Other songs now popular at Princeton and elsewhere, and appearing in this collection for the first time, are: "Come Fill Your Glasses Up!" adapted from De Koven's "Rob Roy," and Sousa's "March of the Corcoran Cadets," "Just for Princeton" and "Kai Kai Kai," both by L. Irving Reichner, '94; that charming song "Mandalay," written by Rudyard Kipling, with music by J. Dyneley Prince; "The Orange and the Black" and "Old Nassau," beautifully arranged for male chorus by Edw. G. McCollin, of Philadelphia; "Cock Robin," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and three patriotic songs now especially appropriate, "The Star Spangled Banner," "Die Wacht am Rhine" and "La Marsellaise."

These are in addition to the old songs, popular in Princeton for three decades, and sung there today with as much enthusiasm as in the sixties and seventies. The book is confidently put forth as embodying the musical life of Princeton. Many of the songs are from Princeton pens, all of them are campus favorites and it is hoped that each of them will become dear to the large and constantly growing circle of students, graduates, and friends who yield allegiance to the Orange and the Black.

The publishers desire to acknowledge the courtesies of Rudolph E. Schirmer, '80, L. Irving Reichner, '94, Lucius H. Miller, '97, Prof. J. Dyneley Prince and Edw. G. McCollin.

CARMINA PRINCETONIA.

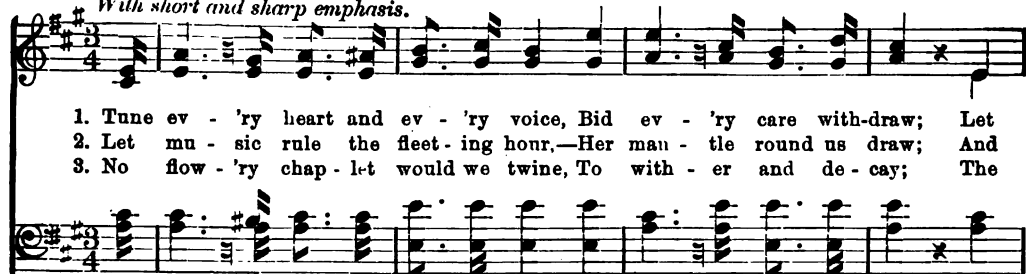
OLD NASSAU.*

Words by H. P. PECK, '62.

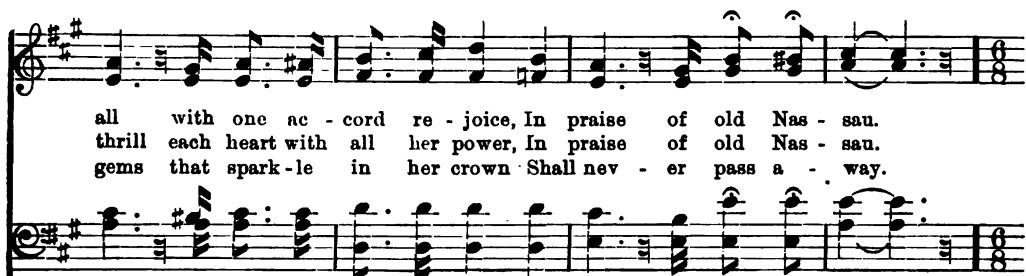
[Revised.]

Music by CARL LANGLOTE.

With short and sharp emphasis.



1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
 2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour,—Her man - tle round us draw; And
 3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The

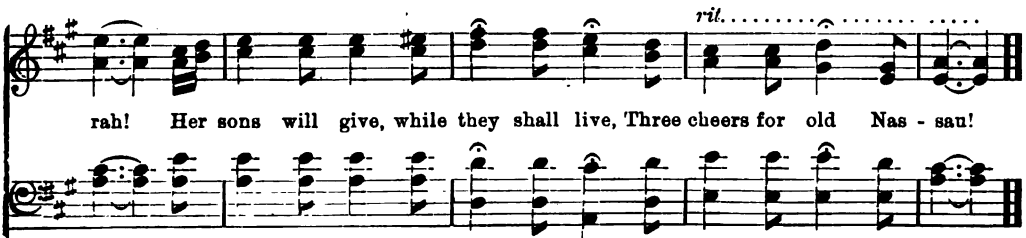


all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau.
 thrill each heart with all her power, In praise of old Nas - sau.
 gems that spark - le in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way.

Chorus. A little faster—Staccato.



In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
 In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.
 Shall nev - er pass a - way, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.



rah! Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!

4 And when these walls in dust are laid,
 With reverence and awe,
 Another throng shall breathe our song,
 In praise of old Nassau.
 CHO.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

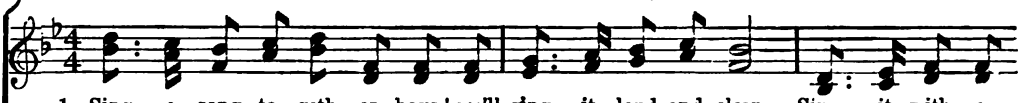
5 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
 And while a breath we draw,
 We'll all unite to shout and sing,
 Long life to old Nassau.
 CHO.—Long life to old Nassau, etc.

* In the above music, the only change from the original is in the rhythm or accent.


TRIANGLE SONG.

Words by H. J. VAN DYKE, D.D., '73.


Music by permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



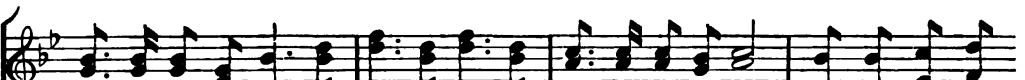
1. Sing a song to- geth- er, boys! we'll sing it loud and clear, Sing it with a
 2. Well the old Tri- an- gle knew the mu- sic of our tread, How the peace- ful
 3. Yes, and there were maidens, too, that heard our foot- steps beat, When the moon- light
 4. Arm in arm to- geth- er, boys! we've wan- der'd thro' the night, Steps and song in
 5. When we take our fi- nal walk thro' this old clas- sic town, Though our voi- ces




heart- y will, and voi- ces full of cheer; Sing it as we used to sing way
 Sem- i- nole would trem- ble in his bed! How the gates were left un- hing'd, the
 shone a- long the still, de- sert- ed street; We woke for them the ech- oes with our
 u- ni- son, and ev- 'ry heart was light, Read- y for a ser- e- nade, a
 trem- ble and our spir- its may be down, Still this sounding cho- rus ev- 'ry

Chorus.


back in Freshman year, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 lamps, without a head, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 ser- e- na- ding sweet, While we were marching thro' Princeton. } Nas- sau! Nas- sau! Ring
 horn- spree or a fight, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 tho't of grief shall drown, While we are marching thro' Princeton.



out the cho- rus free-- Nas- sau! Nas- sau! Thy jol- ly sons are we, Cares shall be for -



got- ten, all our sorrows flung a- way, While we are marching thro' Prince- ton.

THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, '89.

Tune—"SADIE RAY."

1. Although Yale has al-ways favored The ... vi - o - let's dark blue, And the gen - tle
 2. Thro' the four long years of college, Midst the scenes we know so well, As the mys - tic
 3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Mingling fast our locks with grey, Should our dearest

sons of Har - vard To the crim - son rose are true, We will own the lil - ies
 charm to knowledge We ... vain - ly seek to spell; Or, we win ath - let - ic
 hopes be - tray us, False For - tune fall a - way, Still we'll ban - ish care and

slender, Nor hon - or shall they lack, While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the
 vic'tries On the foot - ball field or track, Still we work for dear old Princeton, And the
 sadness As we turn our mem - ries back, And re - call those days of gladness 'Neath the

Orange and the Black; We will own the lil - ies slender, Nor hon - or shall they
 Orange and the Black; Or, we win ath - let - ic vic'tries On the foot - ball field or
 Orange and the Black; Still we'll ban - ish care and sadness As we turn our mem'ries

lack, While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Orange and the Black.
 track, Still we work for dear old Prince - ton, And the Orange and the Black.
 back, And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Orange and the Black.

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NEW JERSEE.

WORDS BY C. W. KASE, '72.

1. There is an an - cient Fac - ul - ty, most an - cient in re - nown, That
2. The town is full of tal - ent, and la - ger beer sa - loons, The

rules an an - cient College built in an ancient town, The town is in the in - land, far
boys sometimes get hard up and pawn their pantaloons; But this thing seldom happens, the

from ye an - cient sea, A - bout the mid - dle of the State of New Jer - see.
rea - son you shall see, We al - ways bor - row when we're "short" in New Jer - see.

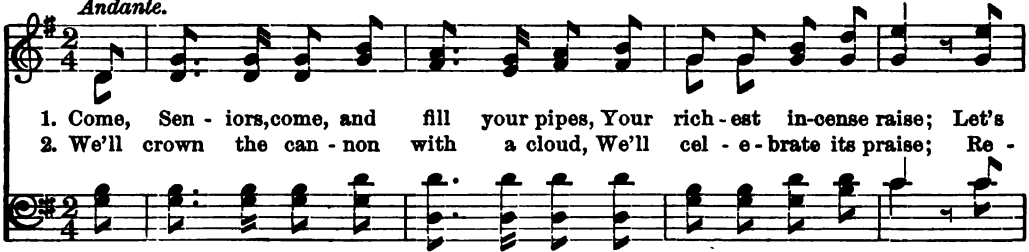
3 We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
All powdered up and modernized by *chignons*, rouge, and curls;
They always smash our hearts, although it strange may be,
The same girls smashed our fathers' hearts in New Jersee.

4 We spend four years in study, and we go with startling speed,
On the precious little pony, which he who rides must read.
If we get through our finals, we take the proud degree
Of "Baccalaureus Artium" in New Jersee.

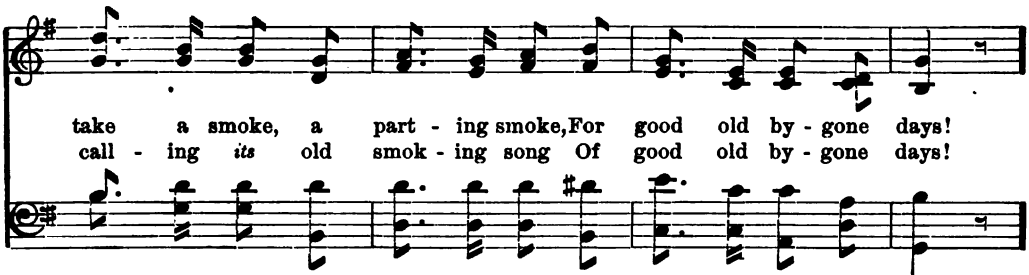
CANNON SONG.

By H. P. PECK. '62.

Tune.—AULD LANG SYNE.

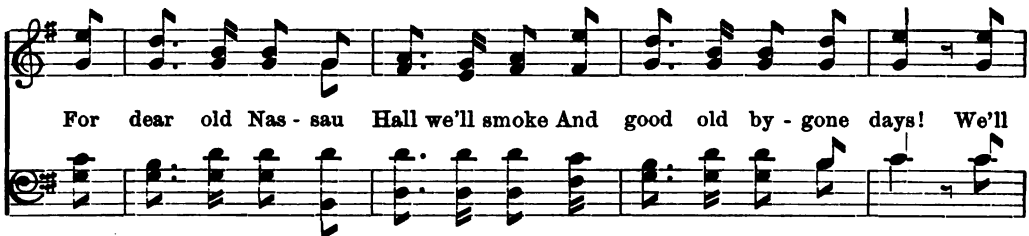
Andante.


1. Come, Sen - iors, come, and fill your pipes, Your rich - est in - cense raise; Let's
2. We'll crown the can - non with a cloud, We'll cel - e - brate its praise; Re -

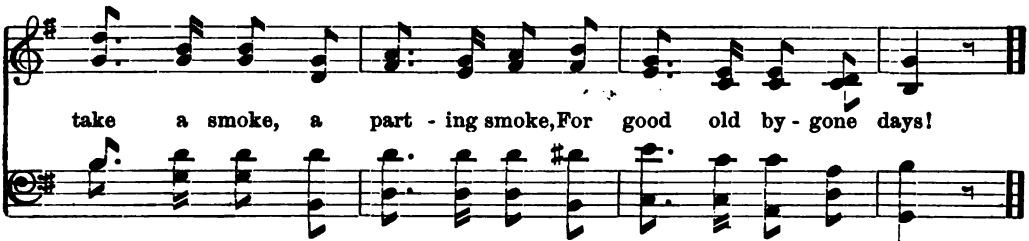


take a smoke, a part - ing smoke, For good old by - gone days!
call - ing its old smok - ing song Of good old by - gone days!

CHORUS.



For dear old Nas - sau Hall we'll smoke And good old by - gone days! We'll



take a smoke, a part - ing smoke, For good old by - gone days!

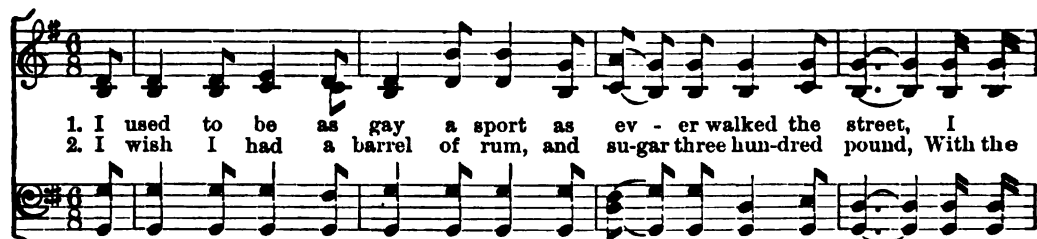
8 We'll smoke to those we leave behind,
In devious college ways;
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.—CHO.

5 We'll smoke the times, the good old times,
When we were called to fire!
Their light shall blaze in memory,
Till the lamp of life expire!—CHO.

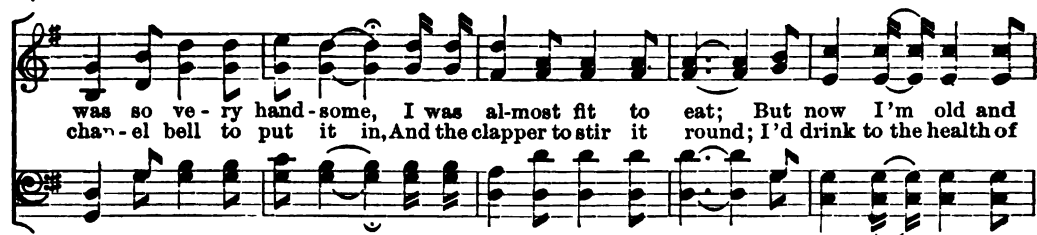
We'll smoke to dear old Princeton's name; 6 Then let each smoking pipe be broke—
She loves the cloud we raise! Hurrah for the coming days!
For well she knows the "biggest guns" We'll take a march, a merry march,
Are in the coming days!—CHO. To meet the coming days!—CHO.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

A PRINCETON SONG.



1. I used to be as gay a sport as ev - er walked the street, I
2. I wish I had a barrel of rum, and su-gar three hun-dred pound, With the

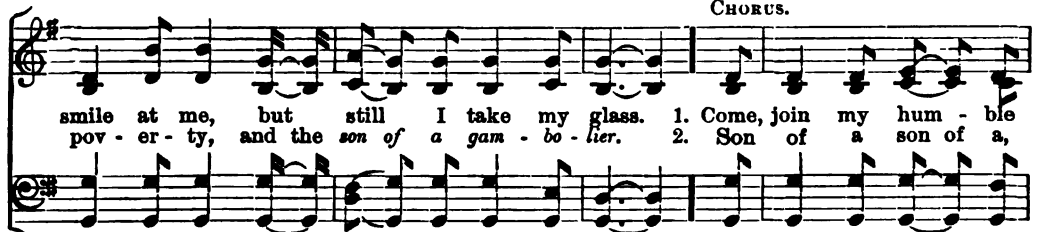


was so ve - ry hand - some, I was al - most fit to eat; But now I'm old and
chan - el bell to put it in, And the clapper to stir it round; I'd drink to the health of

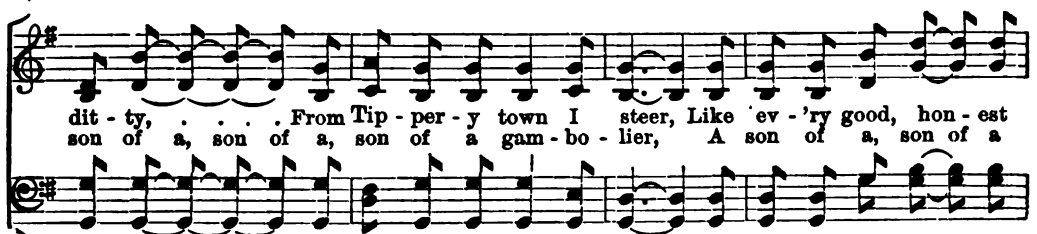


seed - y grown, and pov - er - ty holds me fast, The boys and girls they
Nas - sau Hall, and the girls both far and near, For I'm a ramb - ling rake of

CHORUS.



smile at me, but still I take my glass. 1. Come, join my hum - ble
pov - er - ty, and the son of a gam - bo - lier. 2. Son of a son of a,



dit - ty, From Tip - per - y town I steer, Like 'ev - 'ry good, hon - est
son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier, A son of a, son of a



fel - low, I likes my la - ger beer. Like
son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier.

ev-'ry good hon-est fel-low, I takes my whis-key clear, For I'm a
ram-bling rake of pov-er-ty, And a son of a gam-bo-lier.

NASSAU HALL.

Allegretto. CHORUS.
1. As Fresh-men first we come to col-lege; Fol de rol de rol rol;
We fill our heads with use-less knowl-edge, Fol de rol de rol rol;
Nas-sau, Nas-sau, Nas-sau Hall, Fol de rol de rol rol,
Nas-sau, Nas-sau, Nas-sau Hall, Fol de rol de rol rol.

- 2 As Sophomores we have our task
'Tis best performed by torch and mask.—CHO.
- 3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.—CHO.
- 4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts.—CHO.

- 5 And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied—some.—CHO.
- 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.—CHO.
- 7 And then, till sun and moon shall fall,
We'll love and reverence Nassau Hall.—CHO.

BINGO.

1. Here's to Nas - sau Hall, drink her down! Here's to Nas - sau Hall, drink her down!

The first system of music for 'BINGO.' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics '1. Here's to Nas - sau Hall, drink her down! Here's to Nas - sau Hall, drink her down!'. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Here's to Nas - sau Hall, for she's bul - ly at base - ball, Drink her

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Here's to Nas - sau Hall, for she's bul - ly at base - ball, Drink her'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

down, drink her down, drink her down! down! down! Balm in Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics 'down, drink her down, drink her down! down! down! Balm in Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Balm in Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm in Gil - e - ad! 'way down on the Bin - go farm.

The fourth system continues the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Balm in Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm in Gil - e - ad! 'way down on the Bin - go farm.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

We won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, We

The fifth system continues the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics 'We won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, We'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

won't go there an - y more! 'Way down on the Bin - go farm. Bin - go, Bin - go!

The sixth system concludes the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics 'won't go there an - y more! 'Way down on the Bin - go farm. Bin - go, Bin - go!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

FINE. Spoken. D.C. to 8:

Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go! 'Way down on the Bin-go farm. B! I! N! G! O!

- 2 Here's to Princeton College,
For it's there you get your knowledge.
- 3 Here's to the class of '90,
For her men are brave and mighty.
- 4 Here's to '91, for she's always up to fun.
- 5 Here's to '92, for we rather think she'll do.
- 6 Here's to '93, for she's always on the s'ree.

- 7 Here's to '94, may she live forever more.
- 8 Here's to '95, may she ever live and thrive.
- 9 Here's to '96, for all her men are bricks.
- 10 Here's to '97, for she's sure to go to heaven.
- 11 Here's to '98, for her men are truly great.
- 12 Here's to '99, may she ever live and shine.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD PRINCETON.

Allegro moderato.

1. It's a way we have at old Prince-ton, It's a way we have at old
Cho. For we are jol-ly good fel-lows, For we are jol-ly good

FINE.

Prince-ton, It's a way we have at old Prince-ton, To drive dull care a-way.
fel-lows, For we are jol-ly good fel-lows, Which no-body can de-ny.

D. C. al fine.

To drive dull care a-way, To drive dull care a-way;

- 2 We think it is no sin, sir,
To rope the freshmen in, sir,
And ease them of their tin, sir,
To drive dull care away.

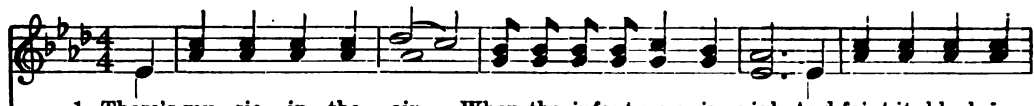
- 3 And we won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

Andante. (Sung at the end of the last verse.)

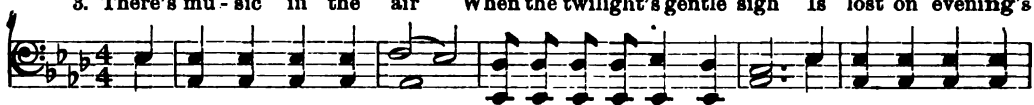
So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all; So say we

all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.



1. There's mu - sic in the air When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noon-time's sultry beam Reflects a gold-en
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's



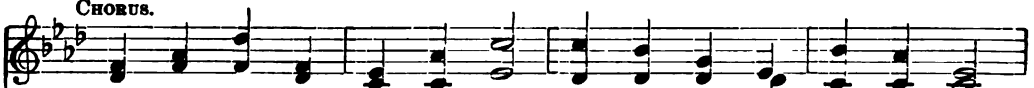
seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky; Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound
light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream; When be-neath some grateful shade
breast, As its pen-sive beau-ties die; Then, oh, then, the loved ones gone,



With its thrill of joy profound, While we list enchanted there To the mu-sic in the air.
Sorrow's ach-ing head is laid, Sweetly to the spirit there Comes the music in the air.
Wake the pure ce-les-tial song, An-gel voic-es greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.



CHORUS.



Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah! Rah! Itah! Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah!



Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti-ger! Siss, Boom! Ah!



VIVE LA NASSAU HALL.

Allegro molto. *f* .CHORUS.

1. Let ev-ery good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,
 2. Come fill up your glass-es, I'll give you a toast, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,
 3. Since all with good hu-mor I've toast-ed so free, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,

CHORUS.

And drink to the health of his glo-ri-ous class, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.
 Our col-lege, old Princeton, our pride and our boast, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.

ff Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, Nas-sau Hall, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, Nas-sau Hall,

vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.

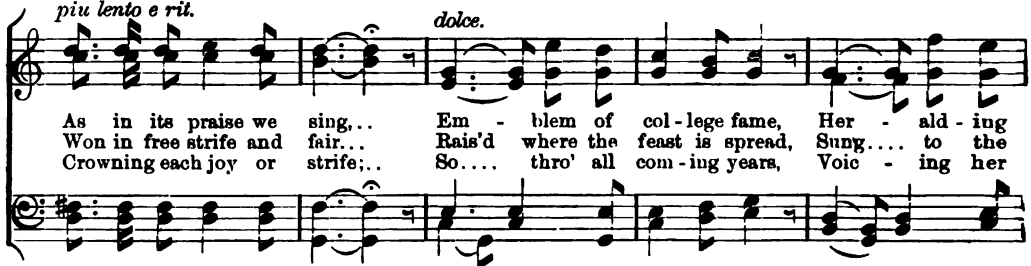
THE CHEER WE LOVE.

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, '89.

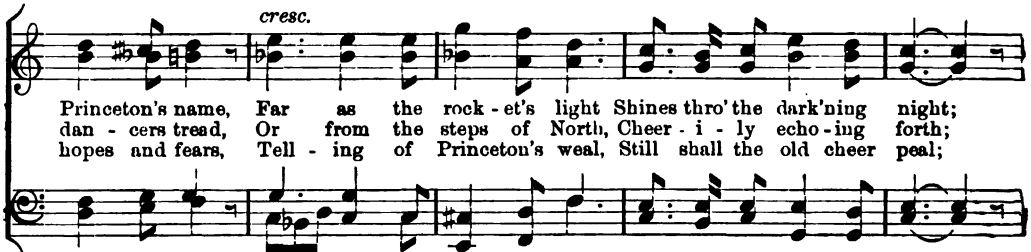
Music by SCHROETER.

Allegro con fuoco.

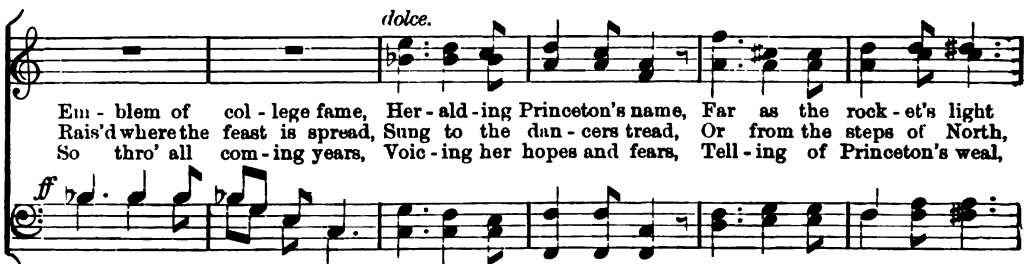

1. Come let us raise the cheer To all our hearts so dear. Loud let the ech-o'es ring.
 2. Roar'd on ath-let-ic fields, Where to the ti-gery yields For-tune her fa-vor, there
 3. Thus in a thou-sand ways, Dear to our col-lege days, Friend of our Cam-pus life,

*piu lento e rit.**dolce.*


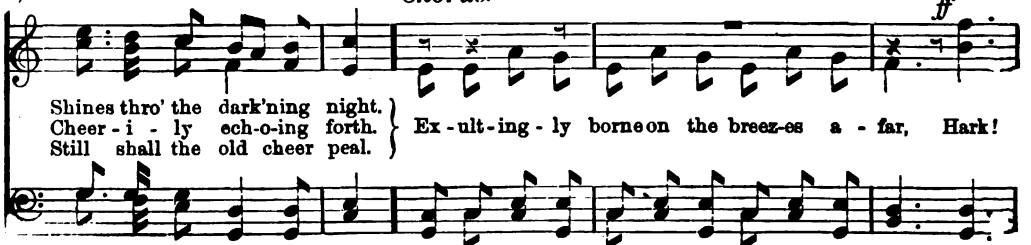
As in its praise we sing... Em-blem of col-lege fame, Her-ald-ing
 Won in free strife and fair... Rais'd where the feast is spread, Sung... to the
 Crowning each joy or strife;... So... thro' all com-ing years, Voic-ing her

cresc.


Princeton's name, Far as the rock-et's light Shines thro' the dark'ning night;
 dan-cers tread, Or from the steps of North, Cheer-i-ly echo-ing forth;
 hopes and fears, Tell-ing of Princeton's weal, Still shall the old cheer peal;

dolce.


Em-blem of col-lege fame, Her-ald-ing Princeton's name, Far as the rock-et's light
 Rais'd where the feast is spread, Sung to the dan-cers tread, Or from the steps of North,
 So thro' all com-ing years, Voic-ing her hopes and fears, Tell-ing of Princeton's weal,

*Chorus.**ff*


Shines thro' the dark'ning night. }
 Cheer-i-ly ech-o-ing forth. } Ex-ult-ing-ly borne on the breez-es a-far, Hark!
 Still shall the old cheer peal. }

p *ff*

Swell-ing the Siss! Boom! Ah! De - fi - ant - ly drown-ing the bark-ing Rah! Rah! Loud

thunders the Siss! Boom! Ah! Tri-umph - ant - ly ev - er.. Ti - ger, Siss! Boom! Ah!

PRAISE GOOD WINE.

PEARSALE.

1. The praise of good wine Has been sung in all time By Dru-ids, by Bards and by Ma-gi! They were

Re - - - - - cubans, re - eubans sub-teg-mi-ne Fu - gi!

right, we'll maintain, So let's drink again, Re - - - cubans sub-teg - - - mi-ne Fu - gi!
Re - cubans sub-teg-mi-ne Fu - gi!

Re - cubans sub-teg - - - mi-ne Fu - gi!

2 Come drink to me true,
As I now drink to you,
No evil example you'll follow;
Inspire me with wine
From Bacchuses Rhine,
Et eris et eris mi magnus, Apollo!

3 We need not be told
By sages of old,
"Tot sunt amore dolores!"
Let them preach as they may,
We'll be merry, and say —
Nostros, nostros agitamur dolores!

By permission of G. SCHIRMER.

COME FILL YOUR GLASSES UP.

1. Gai - ly we, hap - py and free, Roam o'er the coun - try with jol - li - ty,

Sing - ing our song as we roll a - long. Hail to old Princeton, jol - ly old

Prince - ton, Three cheers for Prince - ton, heart - y and strong; so Come fill your

glass - es up to Princeton, Princeton, Prince - ton! Come drain a lov - ing cup to

Prince - ton, Prince - ton, Prince - ton, We'll drink our wine to - night; Smile thro' our

tear - dimmed sight, Come fill your glass - es up to Princeton, Princeton, Prince - ton!

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"JUST FOR PRINCETON."

Words by L. IRVING REICHER, '94.

Music by REESE CASSARD.

Sea.....

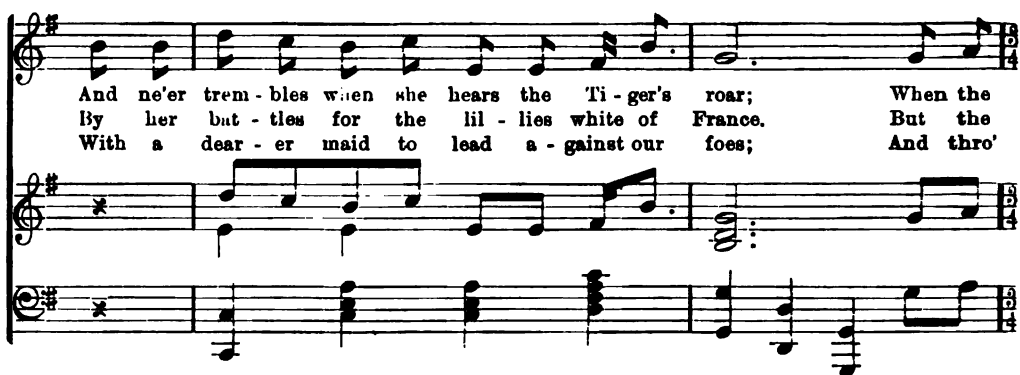
Moderato. *loco.*

1. They may talk of Yale girls pret - ty, Or of Har - vard maid - ens wit - ty,
2. In the days of tour - neys roy - al, Maid - ens true, with hearts so loy - al,
3. As the bat - tling hosts of France, 'Neath the Maid's in - spir - ing glance,

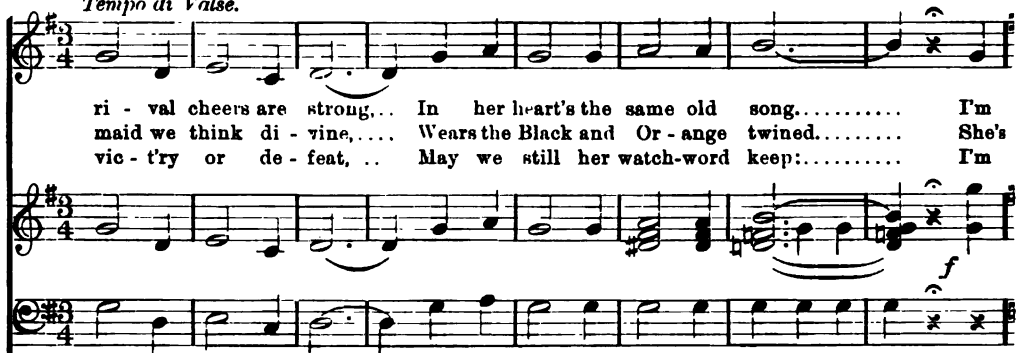
p

But the girl whom in our hearts we all a - dore,
Wore the col - ors of the knights who broke the lance;
Placed the lil - y far a - bove the crim - son rose,

Is the maid - en sweet and win - some, Who will swear by dear old Prince - ton,
Joan of Aro, in fa - bled sto - ry, Won a place of fame and glo - ry
May old Nas - sau's fame burn bright - er, And our hearts grow ev - er light - er,



And ne'er trem-bles when she hears the Ti-ger's roar; When the
By her but-tles for the lil-lies white of France. But the
With a dear-er maid to lead a-gainst our foes; And thro'

Tempo di Valse.


ri-val cheers are strong... In her heart's the same old song... I'm
maid we think di-vine.... Wears the Black and Or-ange twined.... She's
vic-t'ry or de-feat, .. May we still her watch-word keep:..... I'm

Chorus.


Just for Prince-ton all the time, Oth-ers may fall a-



way:..... Wheth-er the sky is an or-ange

hue, Or blue, in a los - ing day.....

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "hue, Or blue, in a los - ing day.....".

There she stands, while one fair hand Clasps the chrys -

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are present. The lyrics are "There she stands, while one fair hand Clasps the chrys -".

an - the - mum;..... In sun - shine and shade The

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are present. The lyrics are "an - the - mum;..... In sun - shine and shade The".

Ti - ger and maid, Still we de - fend old Prince - - ton.

rall.

This system concludes the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are present. The lyrics are "Ti - ger and maid, Still we de - fend old Prince - - ton." The tempo marking "*rall.*" is placed below the piano part. The system ends with a double bar line.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum! Fu - git Eu - ro -

ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum! U - bi sunt O poc - u - la,

Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

2 Crescit uva molliter
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter
Sitiens canescit.—Cho.

3 Quid iuvat æternitas
Nominis; amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare!—Cho.

ALMA MATER, PRINCETON.

Dedicated to the Princeton Glee Club, 1893.

HENRY VAN DYKE, '73.

Tune—LAURIGER HORATIUS.

- 1 Hear the song we raise to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Bringing joyful praise to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton.
Fair, and full of fame thou art;
Pride of every loyal heart;
May thy glory ne'er depart,
Alma Mater, Princeton.
- 2 Long ago thy massy towers,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Built by stronger hands than ours,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Echoes to the cannon's knock;
Still they stand the ages' shock,
Founded on the living rock,
Alma Mater Princeton.

- 3 City set upon a hill,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Filled with light serene and still,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
We have lingered at thy shrine,
We have lit our lamps at thine,
Clear and steadfast may they shine,
Alma Mater, Princeton.
- 4 O how lightly passed our days,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
When we trod thy classic ways,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Underneath thy spreading trees,
Worked, and played, and sat at ease
Singing songs and merry glees,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

- 5 So we lift this song to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
All our hearts belong to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Faithful ever, now and then,
Princeton boys and Princeton men,
Shout the chorus once again,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

GAUDEAMUS.

Moderato.



1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;



Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

TUTTI.



Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,



Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

8 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat Universitas,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quolibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

6 Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatam caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

LEVEE SONG.

QUARTET.

Arranged.

I'm wuk - kin' on de le - vee;

1. I once did know A girl named Grace—

QUARTET.

O' wuk - kin' on de le - vee.

She done brung me to Dis sad dis-grace

♩: *Chorus.*

I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road All de live - long day;

I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in'? Rise up, so uh - ly in de mawn;

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

Solo.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; Roll dat cot - ton bale;...

Humming Chorus.

Nig-gah ain' haif so hap - py..... As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah-shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans,....

D.S. Cho.

Charles - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs - New Aw - leans.

ALL OVER NOW.

JNO. M. MAYHEW, '92.

INTRODUCTION.



1. There's a sto - ry told in the col - lege fold Of three young men named Brown ;
 2. In the hol - i - day time, Tom met the girl For whom his fond heart bled :

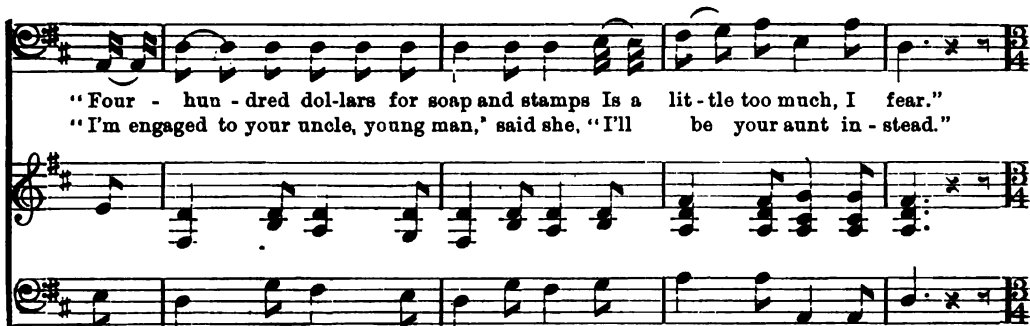


One freshman, Fred, a gay life led—Each night he'd paint the town.
 "You are my own-est own," said he; But the maid-en shook her head.



His accounts went home; old Brown came on, Took him firm - ly by the ear,
 "Don't say that you'll my sis - ter be," Tommy wea-ri - ly, dreari - ly said.

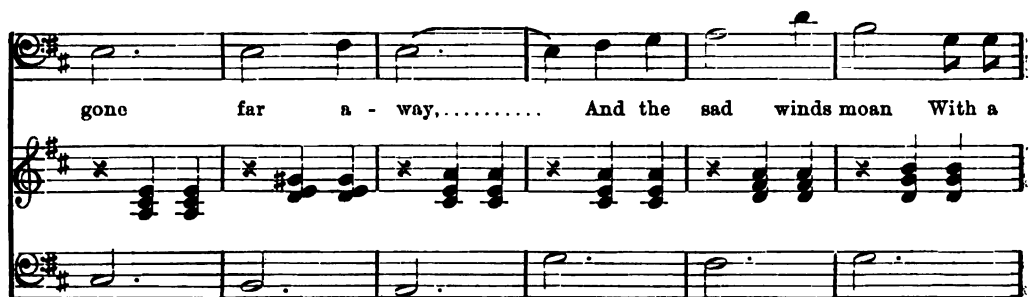




"Four - hun - dred dol-lars for soap and stamps Is a lit - tle too much, I fear."
 "I'm engaged to your uncle, young man," said she, "I'll be your aunt in - stead."

Chorus.*Waltz tempo.*


And it's all..... o - ver now,..... And he's



gone far a - way,..... And the sad winds moan With a



sad, sob-bing tone, That it's all o - ver now.....

3 John took his best girl to a football game—
 She was Bostonese refined;
 She thought John was pious, and so did her ma,
 And pa, who sat behind.

No more will he take her to football games,
 Although he loved her well;
 The other side kicked a goal from off the field,
 And Johnny, he said, —!

SERENADE.

From "HON. JULIUS CÆSAR," as presented by Princeton Triangle Club.

Vivace.

J. M. MAYHEW, '93

Sempre. pp

p

1. Ly - ing a - lone..... Where the zeph -
 2. I..... dreamed so clear..... They sang in -
 3. Dream - ing is past..... I a - wak -

p

- - yrs are blown..... While the moon swung high, swung high.....
 - - to my ear..... Mur - mur-ing low, so low.....
 - - en at last..... The.... moon shines large and bright.....

..... While the moon swung high, swung high.....
 Mur - mur-ing low, so low..... And....
 The.... moon shines large and bright..... But the

Rock - - ing a - float..... In my i - - - dle...
told..... of a nest..... Far.... in - - - to the
bird..... in the West..... Will she leave..... her...

boat..... The rip - ples my lul - - la - by,...
West..... And whis - pered so soft - - ly 'go,'.....
rest..... And try.... her wings in the night?.....

The rip - ples my lul - - la - by,
And whis - pered so soft - - ly, 'go,'
And try.... her wings in the night?

My lul - la - by..... In the night?....
So soft - ly, 'go,'.....

STEPS SONG.

Andante moderato.

Words and Music by ERNEST TROW CARTER, '88.

1ST TENOR. *f* *mp*

2ND TENOR. *mp*

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

1. Our loft - y elms so gen - tly break The twilight crescent moon's soft light, Old

Nas-sau's li - ons slow a - wake; The Se - niors hold the steps to - night. Our

glow - ing pipes their incense sweet.... In wreath - ing gar - lands bring,.....

To van - ish at the god - dess' feet— To Al - ma Ma - ter sing!

2 The bell clangs sight! our voices cease,
And twilight charm gives way to night;
The once thronged campus, now in peace,
Lies dark and empty in our sight.
But still, content, we tarry here,
Again our voices ring;
Once more before our closing cheer,
To Alma Mater sing!

3 The steps, deserted now, we leave;
Class-ivy, marble sentries white,
Glare sternly as our voices cleave
The sacred stillness of the night.
Step softly, boys! this hour should be
For alumni ghosts their songs to bring.
Hark! shades of mightier sons than we
To Alma Mater sing!

NOTE.—The closing chord of the last verse should die away and swell again into the opening chord of *Intiger Vires*, in the same key, one verse of which should be sung by a concealed quartet, when possible.

A TOAST.

1. Oh, the king will take the queen, And the queen will take the jack, And
2. Oh, the ten will take the nine, And the nine will take the eight, And

Chorus.

now we're in your com - pa - ny, We'll drink to all the pack. } Here's to
now we're in your com - pa - ny, We won't go home till late.

you, my jo - vial soul, Here's to you, with all my heart, And,

now we're in your com - pa - ny, We'll drink be-fore we part, Here's to you, John Brown.

3 Oh, the seven will take the six,
And the five will take the four,
And, now we're in your company,
We'll have a bottle more.—CHO.

4 Oh, the three will take the two,
And the ace will take 'em all,
And, now we're in your company,
We won't go home at all.—CHO.

KAI, KAI, KAI.

Words and Arrangement by L. IRVING REICHNER, '94.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.

1. One crisp cold morn, ere we were born, two Gre - cian heel - ers came To
 2. These Gre - cian sports, with cun - ning rare, called tech - nic - al - ly "sophos," Had

Ath - ens by the Hel - les - pont, to see Thanks-giv - ing's game; Now
 wa - gered all their dar - ies rare, not fear - ing a - ny loss; For

Her - mes had his char - i - ot draped or - ange twined with black; While
 Gy - as thought that Yale would score, while Her - mes laughed "Pah, ha," And

Gy - as had a big blue "Y" mos - aie - ed on his back.
 put up all his drach - mas at the odds of five to four.

Chorus.

Kai, kai, kai, ka - ka dai-mon ou ge; Mu, mu, mu, who the deuce are you?

Tempo di Marcia.

Who the deuce, who the deuce, who the deuce are you? Kai men, kai gar,

en - teu-then ex - el - au - nei, At Princeton we sit and take our ease,

And jol-ly a batch with Grecian glees, While some wear beards, and some wear none.

ritard. *tempo.*

Kai gar, kai me - n, Kai, kai, kai, ka - ka dai-mon ou ge, Mu, mu, mu.

who the deuce are you? Who the deuce, who the deuce, who the deuce are you?.....

- 3 Harmodius, the referee, his Attic whistle blew,
And both the teams, with horrid screams, into the contest flew;
The air was full of antique oaths, the contest close was fought,
And when old Helios went down, the score was 6 to 0.—*Cho.*
- 4 That evening by the Dipylon our Grecian heroes sat,
The Princeton man had all the "mon," but both talked thro' their hats,
For Gyas sobbed in broken Greek, recalling Princeton's plays,
While Echo from the Parthenon sighed "O, Zeu tes tuches."—*Cho.*

COCK ROBIN.

Arranged by A. D. WOODBRUFF.

1. Who killed Cock Rob-in? I, said the spar-row, With my
 2. Who saw him die?... I, said the fly,.... With my
 3. Who'll toll the bell?... I, said the bull,.... 'Cause I can

lit - tle bow - de - o - de - o and ar - row, I killed Cock Rob-in.
 lit - tle eye - de - eye - de - eye - de - eye, eye, I saw him die...
 pull de - wool - de - wool - de - wool - de - wool, wool, I'll toil the bell...

Chorus.

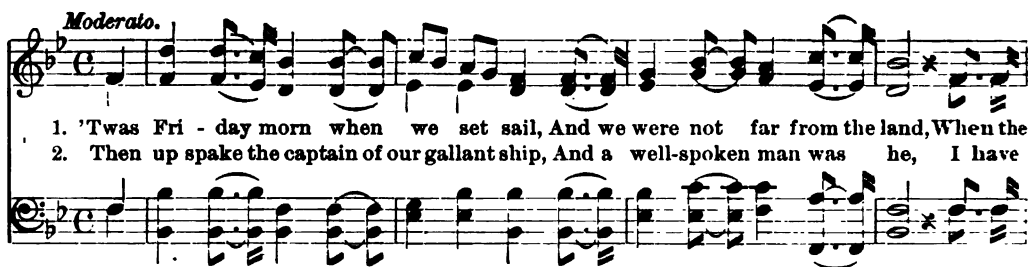
AIR.
 Oh! the birds and the bees are sing - ing sweet - ly, O - ver the

jet black, who killed Cock Rob - in, And it's why not, why not?

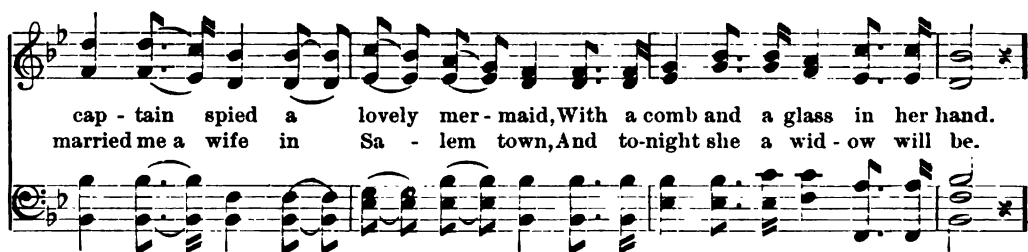
O - ver the jet black, who killed Cock Rob - - in.

THE MERMAID.

Moderato.



1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he, I have

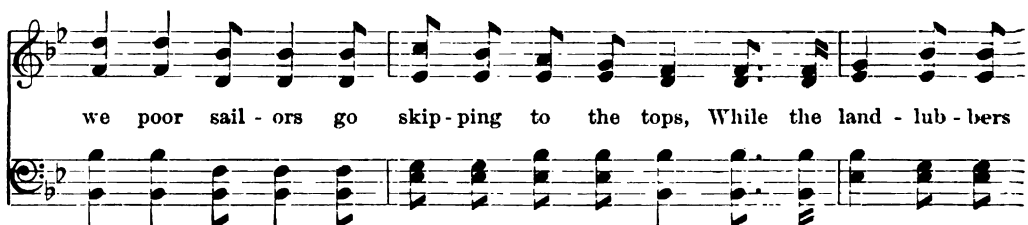


cap - tain spied a lovely mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
married me a wife in Sa - lem town, And to-night she a wid - ow will be.

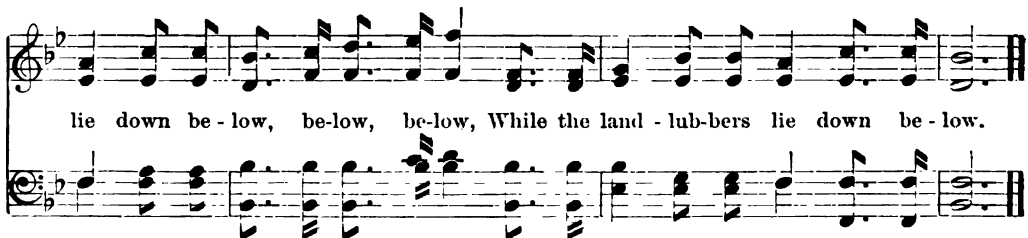
CHORUS.



Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
may blow,



we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, While the land - lub - bers



lie down be - low, be-low, be-low, While the land - lub-bers lie down be - low.

- 3 And up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a fat old cook was he,
I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea.
- 4 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she.
And three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

PRINCETON WARBLE.

Words by F. E., Jr., '86.

SOLO. WARBLE. SOLO.

1. O'er the Cam-pus fair Breathes the gen-tle air, Tra la la la la la! Of the
2. Let the Cam-pus ring With the songs we sing, Tra la la la la la! From the

CHORUS.

La la la la, etc.

WARBLE.

heart - y song, From our jol - ly throng, Tra la la la la la!
steps of North Hear the songs go forth, Tra la la la la la!

SOLO. WARBLE.

Years shall come and pass, Class shall fol - low class. Tra la la la la
Jol - ly stu-dents we, Full of mel - o - dy, Tra la la la la

SOLO. WARBLE.

la! But fair Princeton's fame Ev - er will re - main, Tra la la la la la!
la! Let us one and all Praise old Nas-sau Hall, Tra la la la la la!

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES.

The following poem was written some years ago, during the prevalence of the cholera in India, by an English officer, Capt. Darling, who himself shortly afterwards fell a victim to the dread scourge.

1. We meet 'neath the sounding raft-er, And the walls around us are bare, As they
Then stand by your glass-es stead-y! We drink 'fore our com-rades' eyes, One

shout back our peals of laugh-ter, It seems as the dead were there;
cup to the dead al-read-y, Hur-rah for the next man that dies!

2 Not a sigh for the lost that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,
We'll fall 'mid the wine cups' sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink;
Come, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis this that the respite buys,
One cup for the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

3 Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the haughty, restless yearning
Of the soul can sting no more:

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
This world is a world of lies,
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

4 Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind;
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize,
One cup for the dead already,
And one for the next who dies!

WE STAND FOR THE LAST TIME TOGETHER

By HENRY J. VAN DYKE, Class of 1873.

Alt.—"Stand by your glasses."

1 We stand for the last time together,
Hand to hand, face to face, heart to heart;
A day may divide us forever,
We'll sing one more song ere we part.
As friends when the banquet is ending,
Stand closer to give one last cheer,
So to-night let our voices all blending,
Ring out our last song loud and clear.

2 Not one flower-garland is faded,
Each beaker with roses is drest;
Not a face at the banquet is jaded,
The last of the feast is the best.
Yet a shade falls across all the brightness,
From the wings of the hours flying past,
Every heart feels a weight on its lightness,—
The thought that the best is the last.

3 Each rose is a vanishing pleasure,
Which memory plucks to enfold
In her many-leaved book, as a treasure
More precious than jewels or gold.
Long after its color has perished,
Long after its freshness has flown,
The rose for its fragrance is cherished,
To tell of the days that are gone.

4 Here's a health to the hours departed,—
Farewell to our glad college years!
Here's a health to the future,—light hearted
We greet it in hope, not with fears.
One more,—'tis the last ere we sever!
Every voice in the chorus ring free!
Old Princeton, we'll love her forever,—
Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee!

OLD NORTH.

Air.—STAND BY YOUR GLASSES.

Words by B. B. BLYDENBURGH, '81.

1 Old North, like a sentinel keeping,
Her guard o'er the elm-crowned hill,
Stands at rest while stern time is reaping
The harvest the days fulfill.
Years bring to our Mother no sorrow,
They but add to the weight of her love;
Time sows but to reap on the morrow,
The honor of old Nassau.

2 The hearts of her children are beating,
In tune with the love that they hold,
Untouched by the years that are fleeting,
They know not the way to grow old.

They have drank of the fount of her glory,
The truth of her generous law,
They have thrilled with the deeds of her story
The triumph of old Nassau.

3 There's a spirit that's mighty in laughter,
That's brave to endure and to dare;
That leads while the world follows after,
That trusts to the sword and the prayer;
That knoweth the secret of youth, boys,
That's gallant in love and in war,
That's strong in its watchword of truth, boys,
The spirit of old Nassau.

WHERE, O WHERE.

Spirited.

1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Where, O where are the ver - dant
They've gone out from Tu - tor Hal - sey, oh, They've gone out from Tu - tor

Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
Halsey, oh, They've gone out from Tu - tor Hal - sey, oh, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.

2 :: Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? ::
Safe now in the Junior Class:

:: They've gone out from Cameron's Synonyms, ::
Safe now in the Junior Class.

3 :: Where, O where are the stately Juniors? ::
Safe now in the Senior Class:

:: They've gone out from Duff's Mathematics, ::
Safe now in the Senior Class.

*pp Andante
con espressione.*

4 :: Where, O where are the good old Seniors? ::
Safe now in the wide, wide world:

:: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, ::
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

f presto.

5 :: By and by we'll go out for to meet them, ::
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

PRINCETON DAYS.

Words by N. B. TARKINGTON, '93.

Music by L. F. PEASE, '95.

1. Soft-ly the i - vies en-wrap the old walls. Soft-ly de - scend-ing the elm-shadow

2. Deep is the bell-tone from Old North tower; Brave is its peal in the vic-to-ry

3. Bend-ing a - bove us the elms hear our song. Sounding at even-tide mel-low and

falls; Stone and sward and leaf - y way, Slumbering in the sum-mer

hour; Loud-ly ex - ult-ing rings out its call, Sounding the triumphs of Nas - sau

strong; Dreams in the aft - er days will bring Voic - es dear, and the songs they

day: Still are the shades where once bat-tle rolled, Fair is Prince-ton, hale and old.

Hall; Ech - o - ing far and true and clear, Answers the ring-ing Princeton cheer.

sing; Call - ing our hearts, tho' the year be long, Back to old Prince-ton, youth and song.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

1. Come now, and list - en to my tale of woe, Of Ro - me - o
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o,

and Ju - li - et; Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe,
I'm Ro - me - o; I am that ver - y sus - cep - ti - ble male,

Oh, Ro - me - o and Ju - li - et; Nev - er was sto - ry so mourn - ful as
I am Ro - me - o Ro - me - o; Nev - er did a lov - er dare do as

that one; If you have tears, now pre - pare to get at one: Ro - meo's the
I did, When his best girl to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed; I took cold

thin one and Ju - liet's the fat one; Oh, Ro - me - o and Ju - li - et.
poi - son and I su - i - cid - ed; I am Ro - me - o, Ro - me - o.

- 3 I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet;
I am the lady who mashed Romeo,
I'm Juliet, Juliet;
Locked in the prison, no pickaxe to force it,
Nasty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit;
I up and stabbed myself right through the corset
I'm Juliet, Juliet.
- 4 This of my tale is the short and long,
Of Romeo and Juliet;
This is the moral of my little song,
Of Romeo and Juliet;
Lovers, I warn you, always be wary,
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary.
Don't stab yourself in the left pulmonary
Like Romeo and Juliet.


THE ROMANCE ENDS RIGHT THERE.

Words by J. H. THACHER, '95.


Music by L. F. PEASE, '95.



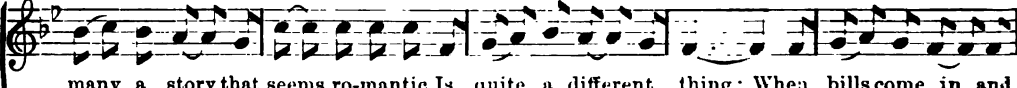
R - r - r ra la la la la, ra la la la la, etc.





1. There are legends galore in our college world, And a few to you I'll sing; But
2. There was tu-mult rife in a college town At the cyclone's deadly roar; But a




Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, etc.



many a story that seems ro-mantic Is quite a different thing: When bills come in and
youth stood there and smil'd at the storm As he tho't of the days of yore: Hestirr'd not an inch as the

must be paid, And the baseball team don't win, We find that romance don't grow and thrive On a
cyclone broke, And he saw great buildings fall; "I beg your pardon," the cyclone said, "I



Chorus.

scanty supply of tin.
see you've play'd football!" } And the romance ends right there; The le - gend

Boom, boom, etc.

tells no more; . . . 'Tis a homely truth of a college youth, And the romance ends right there.

3 At a summer hotel she sized Tommy up
For a freshman soft and green,
And lavished upon him her fondest smiles,
Till he thought her an easy queen:
He invited her down to the Junior Prom.,
Sold his clothes to raise the cash;
She cut every dance she had with him
For a soph. with a red moustache.

4 A college widow, somewhat passèe,
Had Smithkins on a string;
He bought her Huyler's and Jacqueminots,
As he gave his love full swing:
Then he breathed his passion in accents fond;
Said she, "That's not half bad—
You're a chip of the same old block, I see—
You pop just like your dad!"

5 Oh, young and tender was Willie dear
When he left the family fold:
Of a wondrous game with a leather ball
In college he was told;
He tried it once, but, sad to tell,
There was something he seemed to lack:
They shipped his remains to his sorrowing
And sent but a quarter-back. [friends,

6 From the city down to the college town,
To surprise dear brother Jim,
Came mother and sister and best girl, too,
All devoutly bred and prim;
But the night before there had been a spread
In the room of that pious youth;
Three cases of bottles that stood by the door
Disclosed the painful truth.

WHO ARE WE?

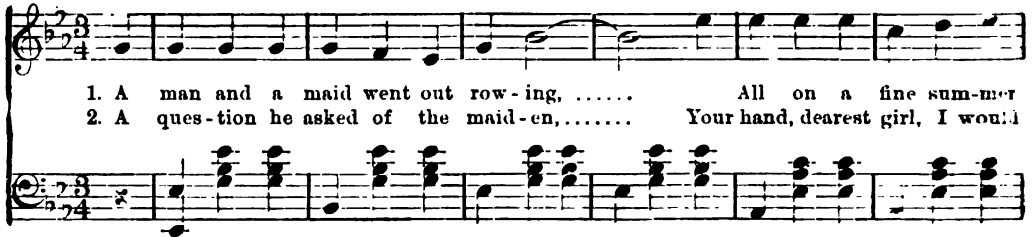
Do you want to know who we are? We're the Princeton Se - nior lass; We've

trav'led near and far, We've tak - en ma - ny a glass, We sit and take our

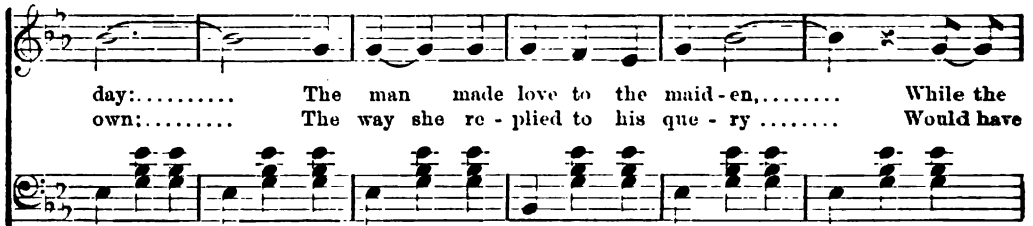
ease, We smoke and sing our glees, We do as we d— please! See?...

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

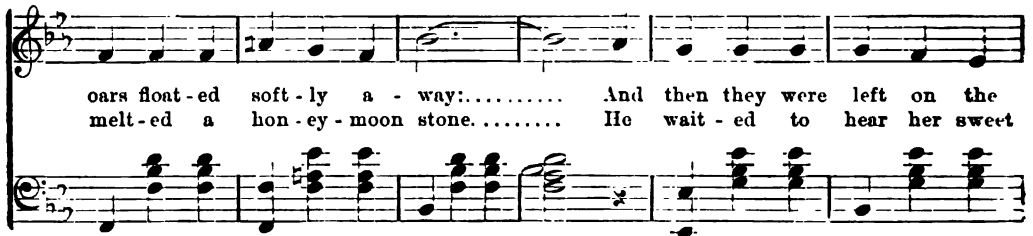
Adapted



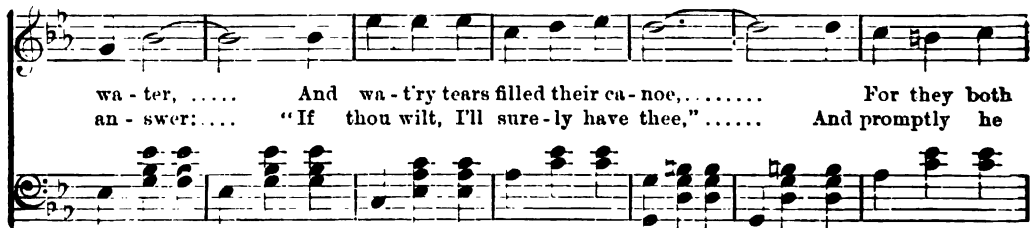
1. A man and a maid went out row-ing, All on a fine sum-mer
2. A ques-tion he asked of the maid-en, Your hand, dearest girl, I would



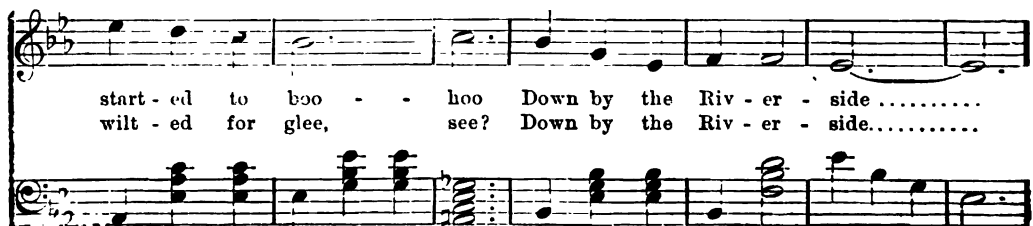
day: The man made love to the maid-en, While the
own: The way she re-plied to his que-ry Would have



oars float-ed soft-ly a-way: And then they were left on the
melt-ed a hon-ey-moon stone. He wait-ed to hear her sweet

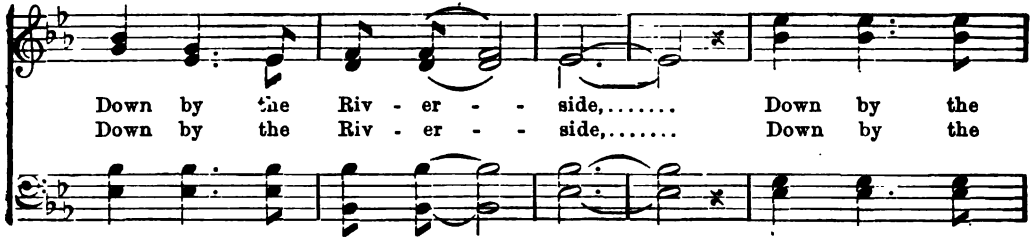


wa-ter, And wa-try tears filled their ca-noe, For they both
an-swer: "If thou wilt, I'll sure-ly have thee," And promptly he

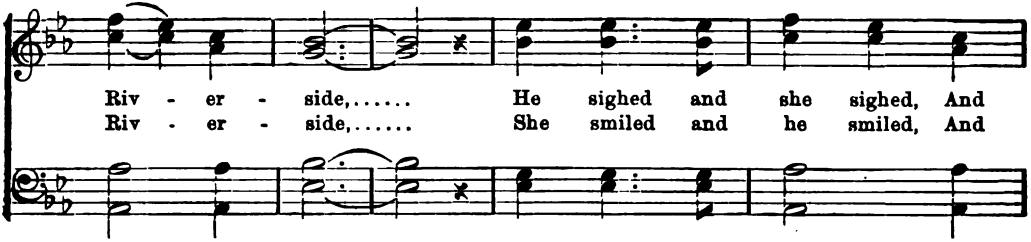


start-ed to boo - - hoo Down by the Riv-er - side
wilt-ed for glee, see? Down by the Riv-er - side

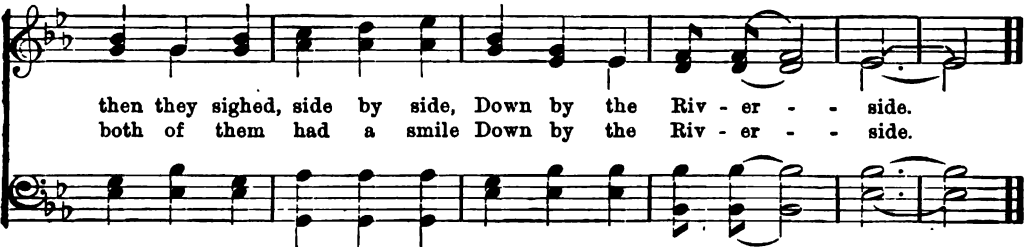
Chorus.



Down by the Riv - er - - side,..... Down by the
Down by the Riv - er - - side,..... Down by the



Riv - er - side,..... He sighed and she sighed, And
Riv - er - side,..... She smiled and he smiled, And



then they sighed, side by side, Down by the Riv - er - - side.
both of them had a smile Down by the Riv - er - - side.

3.

"My idol," he cried, as he kissed her,
She idled and he idled too;
"The belle of creation," he called her,
She bellowed, and what could he do?
He called for a pony of brandy,
And harnessed it up for a ride,
And then they drove off to the parson's,
Down by the Riverside.

CHO.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside,
He cried and she cried;
Oh! blest be the tie he tied
Down by the Riverside.

4.

Near Princeton we have Evelyn College,
Where the girls toy with Latin and Greek,
You should see them flunk in their studies
At least once or twice every week.
We sit by their side in the class-room,
Clasping their hands in our own;
Over their fate we now moan, groan,
Down by the Riverside.

CHO.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside
They grind and we grind,
But they're the real long-haired grinds,
Down by the Riverside.

5.

One day I went out to the races,
I thought that the horses I knew,
I expected to win a small fortune
By risking a dollar or two;
I picked an old nag for a winner—
Hark, to my story of woe—
The horse could not go, he was so slow,
Down by the Riverside.

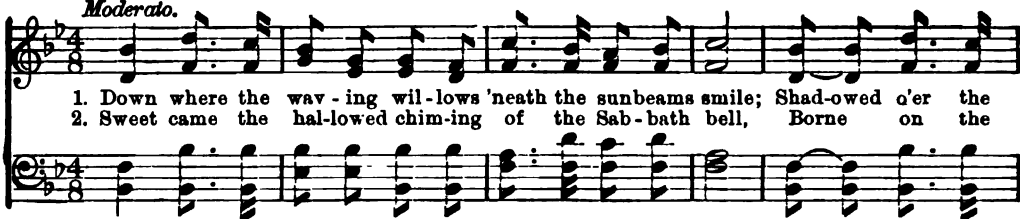
CHO.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside
He bet and I bet,
But my debts are bad debts yet
Down by the Riverside.

6.

We're invited to visit Chicago,
To appear with the fakir and freak,
To sing at the great Exposition,
And warble in classical Greek;
But we will at Tarrytown tarry,
Tarriers always are we;
At Tarrytown tarry, and Sing Sing
Down by the Riverside.

CHO.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside
We go and you go;
We're all bound for Chicago
Down by the Riverside.

ANNIE LISLE.

Moderato.


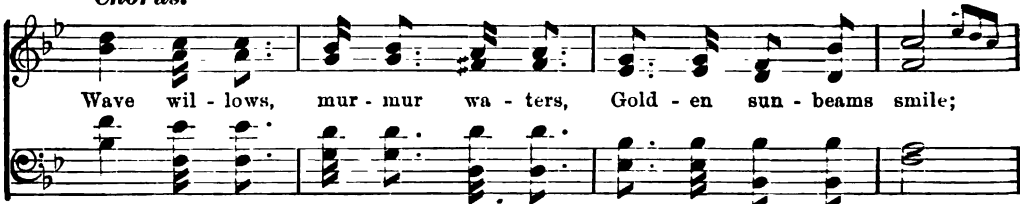
1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows 'neath the sunbeams smile; Shad-owed o'er the
2. Sweet came the hal-lowed chim-ing of the Sab-bath bell, Borne on the



murm'ring wa-ters dwelt sweet An-nie Lisle; Pure as the For-est Lil-y,
morn-ing breez-es, down the wood-y dell, On a bed of pain and an-guish



nev-er tho't of guile, Had its home with-in the bo-som of loved An-nie Lisle.
lay dear An-nie Lisle; Changed were the love-ly fea-tures; gone the hap-py smile.

Chorus.


Wave wil-lows, mur-mur wa-ters, Gold-en sun-beams smile;

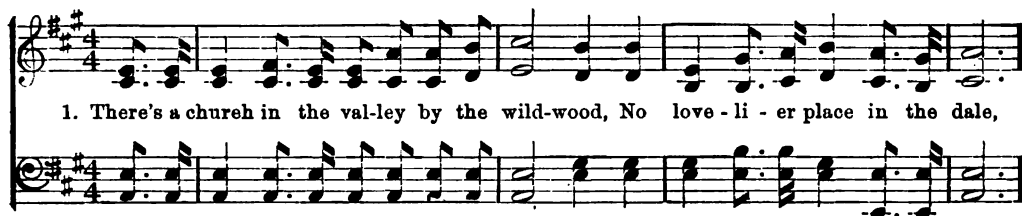


Earth-ly mu-sic can-not wak-en love-ly An-nie Lisle. *rit. Repeat Cho. pp.*

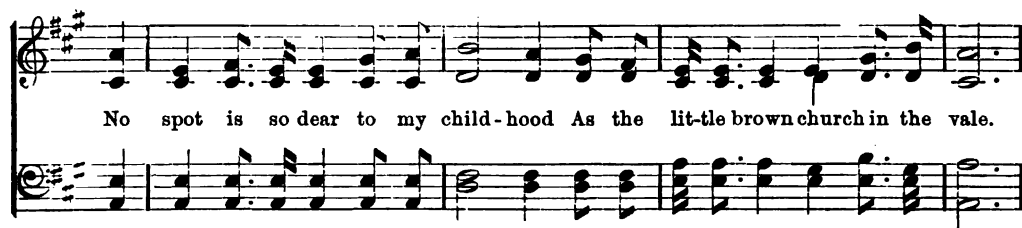
3 Toll-bells of Sabbath morning, I shall never more
Hear your sweet and holy music on this earthly shore.
Forms, clad in heavenly beauty, look on me and smile;
Waiting for the longing spirit of your Annie Lisle.—Cho.

4 Raise me in your arms, dear mother, let me once more look
On the green and waving willows, and the flowing brook;
Hark! those strains of angel music from the choirs above:
Dearest mother, I am going; truly, "God is Love."—Cho.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH.

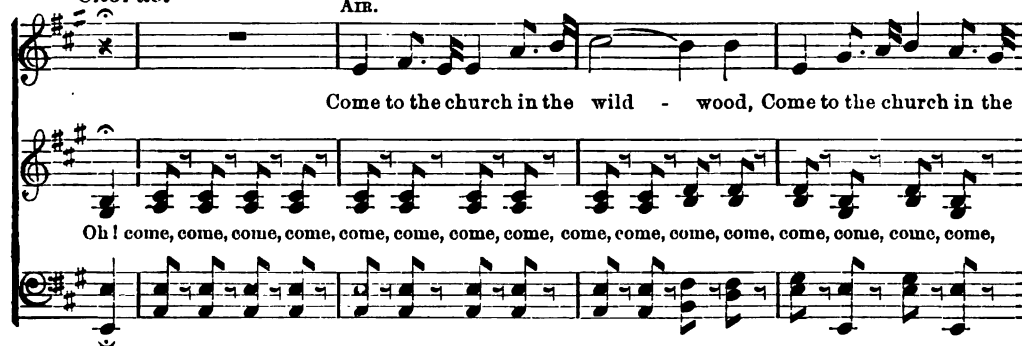


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er place in the dale,



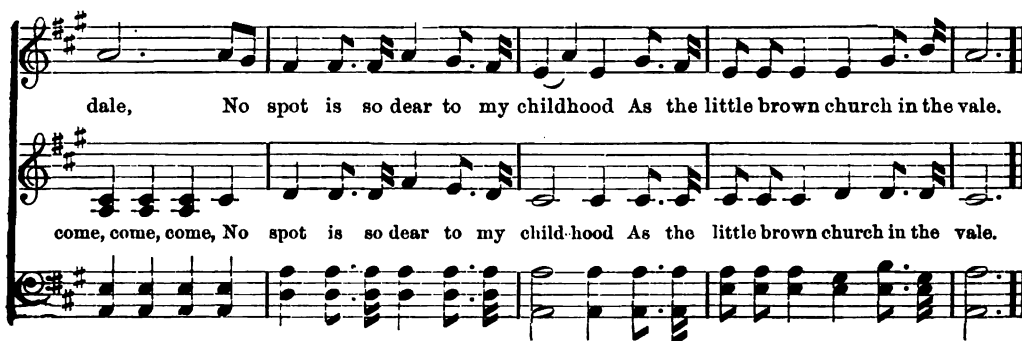
No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

Chorus. *Air.*



Come to the church in the wild - wood, Come to the church in the

Oh! come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



dale, No spot is so dear to my childhood As the little brown church in the vale.

come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the little brown church in the vale.

2.
Come to the church in the wildwood,
To the place where the wild flowers
bloom;
Where the parting hymn shall be chanted,
We will rest by the side of the tomb.

Chorus.—Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
There's where my love used to be,
She could dance, she could sing,
She could turn a handspring,
She could climb up a sycamore tree.

GRAND OLD NASSAU HALL.

Adapted.

1. Come, fill your glass - ea, one and all, and join the toast with me -
 2. 'Tis not a - lone in Class - ic lore her man - ly sons ex - cel;
 3. As on her rolls we read the names re - nown'd in form - er days,

"Pros - per - i - ty to Prince - ton!" all up - stand - ing, three times three!
 The foot - ball and the base - ball grounds their tale of tri - umph tell:
 With beat - ing hearts we vow to match their dar - ing and their praise:

Dear as of old, and dear as now, and dear - er still to all,
 The Church, the Sen - ate, Camp, and Bar, with va - ried voice at - test
 For who would care thro' time to drift with dull and drows - y face,

Long live for many a thou - sand years our grand old Nas - sau Hall!
 That, where - so - e'er bright Hon - or calls, her sons are with the best.
 Un - wor - thy of his faith and name, his fa - thers and his race?

1st time Solo.
2nd time Chorus.

For, search - ing lands both far and wide, there stands no Col - lege wall

f
That shel - ters tru - er sons than those of grand old Nas - sau Hall.

4 Though, scattered far, we seldom meet the friends our boyhood knew,
 Old joys and griefs in memory dwell, toned down to sober hue :
 And as some well-remembered name grows great, we glow with pride
 To think that in our youthful days we struggled at his side.
 For, searching lands both far and wide, there stands no College wall
 That shelters truer sons than those of grand old Nassau Hall.

5 And when at last old age is ours, and manhood's strength has fled,
 And young ambition's fire is cold, and earthly hopes lie dead,—
 Once more amid our early haunts, the happy thoughts enthrall,
 And keep a niche within our hearts for dear old Nassau Hall.
 For, searching lands both far and wide, there stands no College wall
 That shelters truer sons than those of grand old Nassau Hall.

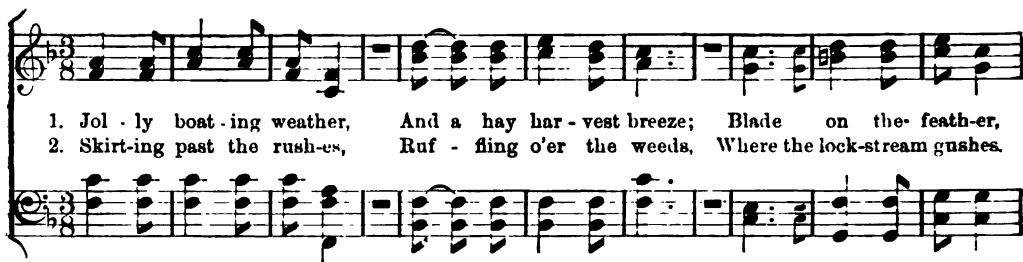
CUM BONUS HOMO.

Melody in Second Tenor.

1. When the good man of the house falleth in love, It break - eth his heart,
 2. For verily I say unto you, woman is but vanity and false curls,
 3. For man wasteth his substance . . upon her, taking her to par - ties and balls,

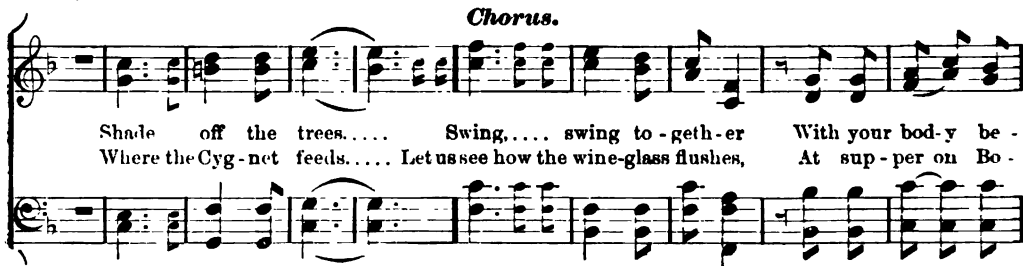
but 'tis not so with the un - godly.
 and the end of her is bitterness.
 and she flirteth with an - oth - er fel - low. || A - - men.

BOATING SONG.

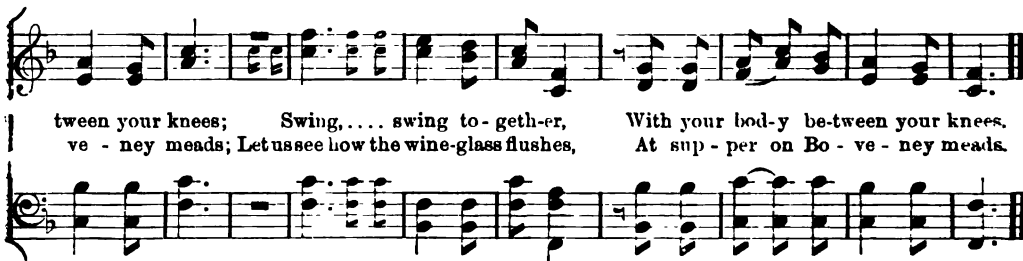


1. Jol - ly boat - ing weather, And a hay har - vest breeze; Blade on the feath - er,
2. Skirt - ing past the rush - es, Ruf - fling o'er the weeds, Where the lock - stream gushes.

Chorus.



Shade off the trees.... Swing.... swing to - geth - er With your bod - y be -
Where the Cyg - net feeds.... Let us see how the wine - glass flushes, At sup - per on Bo -



tween your knees; Swing.... swing to - geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees.
ve - ney meads; Let us see how the wine - glass flushes, At sup - per on Bo - ve - ney meads.

3 Thanks to the bounteous sitter,
Who sat not at all on his seat;
Down with the beer that's bitter,
Up with the wine that's sweet.
Cho.—And oh, that some generous critter,
Would give us more ducks to eat.

4 Carving with elbow nudges,
Lobsters we throw behind;
Vinegar, nobody grudges,
Lower boys drink it blind.
Cho.—Sober as so many judges,
We'll give you a bit of our mind.

5 Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true.
Cho.—And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

6 Twenty years hence this weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools.
Cho.—But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.

ORANJE BOVEN.

Air.—BOATING SONG.

1 Do you love the crimson, is it blue you prize?
One is like the roses, one is like your eyes;
But the Princeton maiden, for her own true love,
Ties the splendid orange, orange still above.
Cho.—Oh, Oranje Boven, orange still above,
Over blue and crimson is orange still above.

2 Do you love the blue and white? no; it is too cold;
Give me brilliant orange, tinge of flame and gold;
Give me splendid orange, for the heart I love,
Over blue and crimson is orange still above.
Cho.—Oh, Oranje Boven, orange still above,
Over blue and crimson is orange still above.

WAY UP YONDER.

Arr. by F. M. CRAZER, '88.

1. Dis world am sad and full of trouble, little
No-bod-y knows the trouble I see, little

children, Nobod - y knows the trouble I see, Way up yonder, How I won - der,
children, Nobody knows the trouble I see.

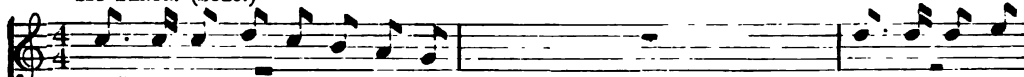
Angels hovering over thee, Way up yonder, How I wonder what those angels think of me.

2 I'se gwine to join the angels soon, little children, 3 De angels come, den away I fly, little children,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, little children, To be a diamond in de sky, little children,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.—CHO. Nobody knows the trouble I see.—CHO.

PASS AROUND THE GOOD OLD BEER.

Arr. by V. L. C., '92.

1ST TENOR. (SOLO.)

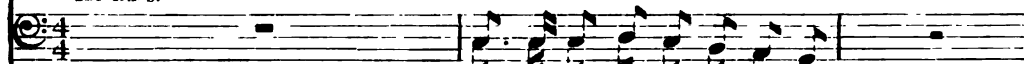


2ND TENOR.

1. Pass around the good old be - er,

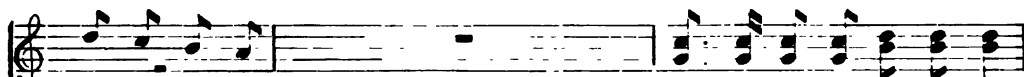
(SOLO.) For it makes you

1ST BASS.



2ND BASS.

(CHO.) Pass around the good old be - er,

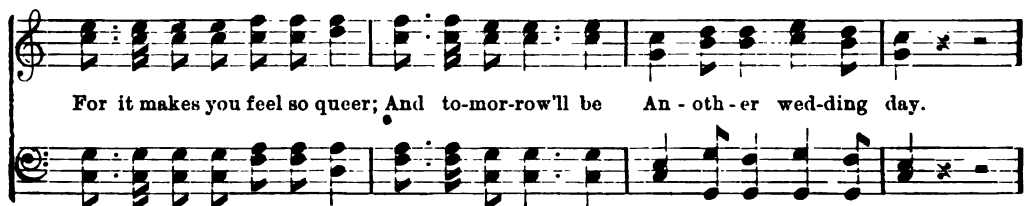


feel so que - er;

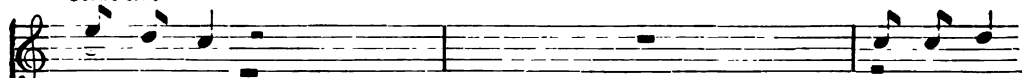
Pass a-round the good old beer,



(CHO.) For it makes you feel so que - er;



For it makes you feel so queer; And to-mor-row'll be An - oth - er wed-ding day.

Chorus.

(SOLO.) So we'll drink,

(SOLO.) Yes, we'll drink,



(CHO.) For to - mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed-ding day;



And we'll drink un - til

(CHO.) For to - mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed-ding day;

Solo.

to - mor - row, For to-mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed - ding day. My wife

Ma - ry, Ma - ry,

(Solo.) Pass around the Tom and Jer - ry,

(Cho.) My wife, Ma - ry, Ma - ry,

My wife Ma - ry, Ma - ry, Pass around the

(Cho.) Pass around the Tom and Jer - ry,

Tom and Jer - ry, For to-mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed - ding day.

2.

||: Pass around the good old whiskey,:||

||: For it makes you feel so frisky,:||

And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.

Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

3.

||: Pass around the good old wine,:||

||: For it makes you feel so fine,:||

And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.

Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

4.

||: Pass around the good old sherry,:||

||: For it makes you feel so merry,:||

And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.

Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

5.

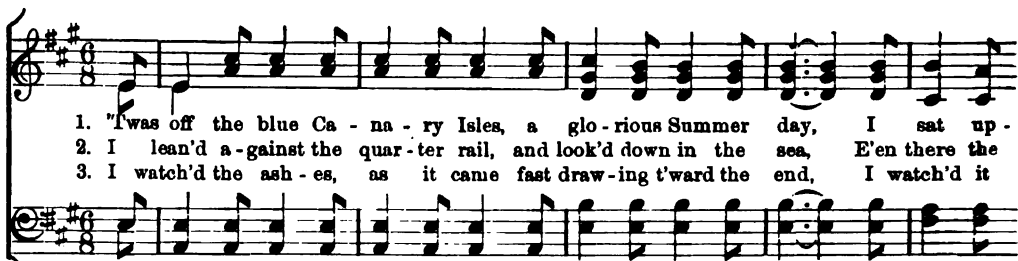
||: Pass around the good old milk,:||

||: For it makes you feel like silk,:||

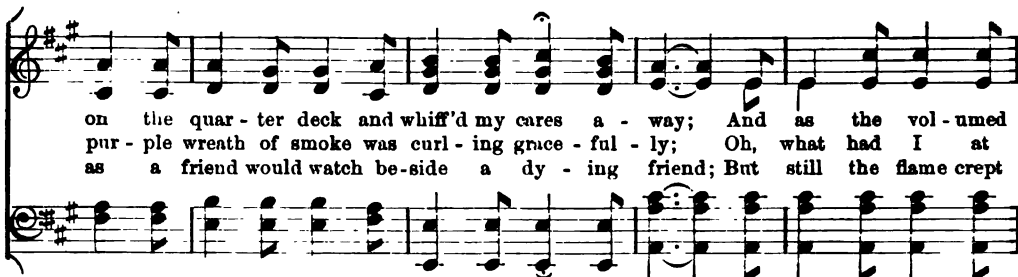
And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.

Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

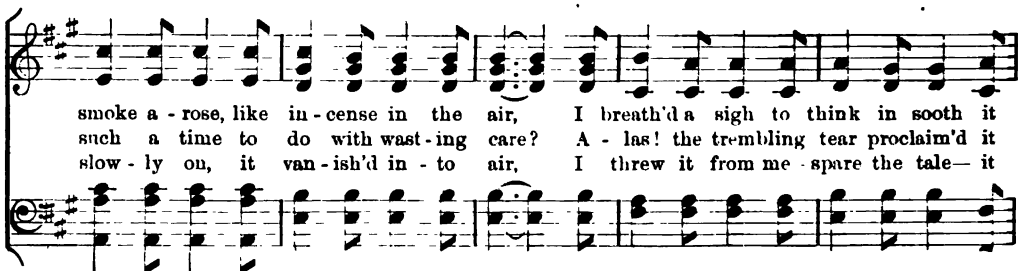
MY LAST CIGAR.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, a glo - rious Summer day, I sat up -
 2. I lean'd a - gainst the quar - ter rail, and look'd down in the sea, E'en there the
 3. I watch'd the ash - es, as it came fast draw - ing t'ward the end, I watch'd it



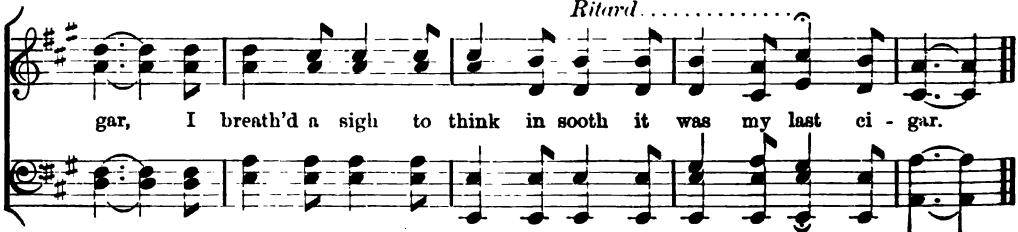
on the quar - ter deck and whiff'd my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
 pur - ple wreath of smoke was curl - ing grace - ful - ly; Oh, what had I at
 as a friend would watch be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept



smoke a - rose, like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think in sooth it
 such a time to do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear proclaim'd it
 slow - ly on, it van - ish'd in - to air, I threw it from me - spare the tale - it

Chorus.

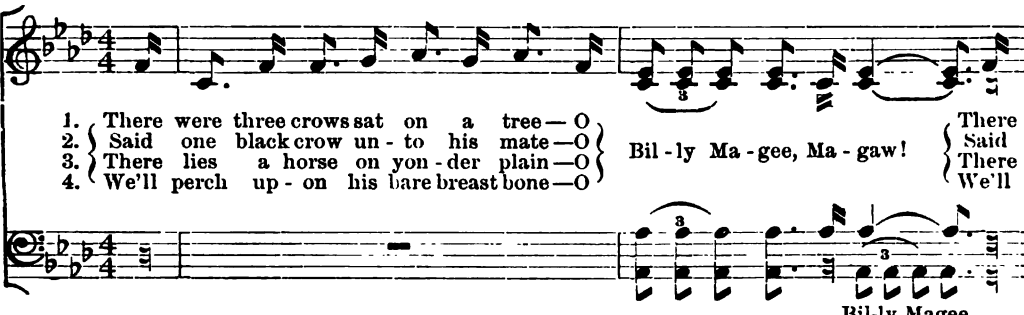

was my last ci - gar.... It was my last ci - gar... it was my last ci -

Ritard.....


gar, I breath'd a sigh to think in sooth it was my last ci - gar.

4 I've seen the land of all I love fade in the distance dim,
 I've watch'd above the blighted heart where once proud hope hath been;
 But I've never known a sorrow that could with that compare,
 When off the blue Canary Isles I smoked my last cigar.—Cho.

THE THREE CROWS.

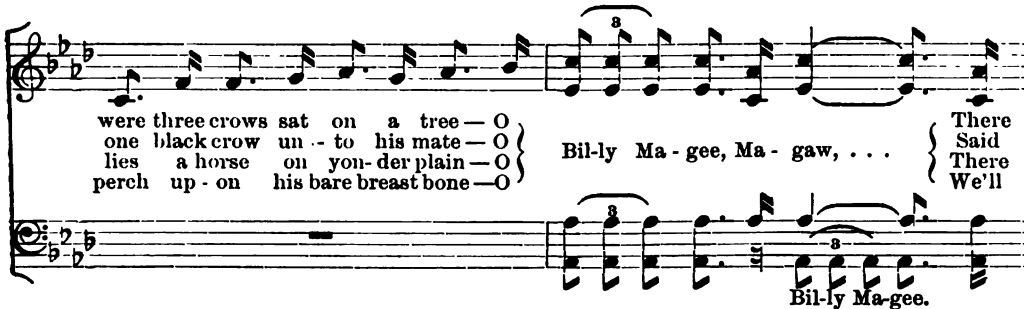


1. There were three crows sat on a tree—O
 2. Said one black crow un - to his mate—O
 3. There lies a horse on yon - der plain—O
 4. We'll perch up - on his bare breast bone—O

Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gaw!

There
Said
There
We'll

Bil-ly Magee.

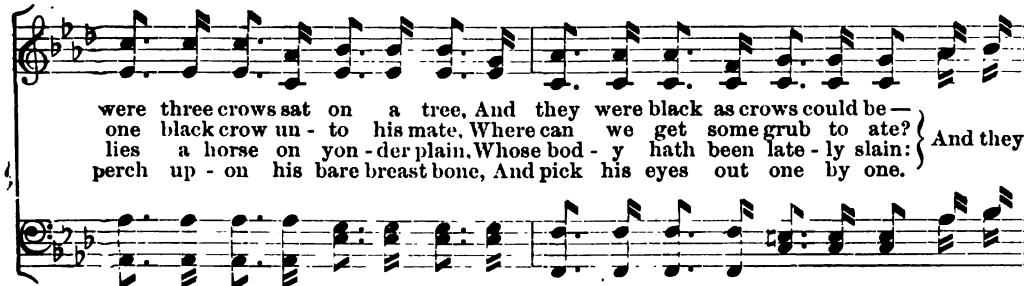


were three crows sat on a tree—O
 one black crow un - to his mate—O
 lies a horse on yon - der plain—O
 perch up - on his bare breast bone—O

Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gaw, . . .

There
Said
There
We'll

Bil-ly Ma-gee.



were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be—
 one black crow un - to his mate, Where can we get some grub to ate?
 lies a horse on yon - der plain, Whose bod - y hath been late - ly slain:
 perch up - on his bare breast bone, And pick his eyes out one by one.

And they



all flapp'd their wings and cried, Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gaw, And they



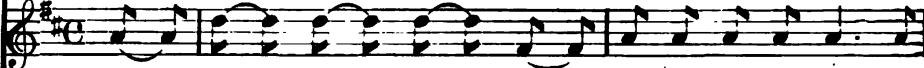
all flapp'd their wings and cried, Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gaw!

NEWGATE.

As sung by PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

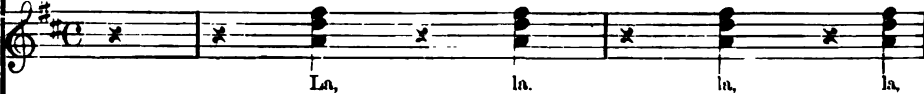
Arr. by R. T. TOWNSEND.

SOLO.



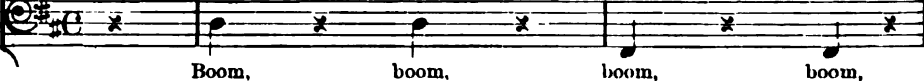
1. My... pal... and... I... went.. out to crack a crib; We
 2. But we went so slow a - bout it, like a bloom-in' pair of muffs, That
 1. I... went... out.... one night, to.... see what I could catch, An'l
 2. I..... faked.. the ... watch, and as off with it I goes, He

1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.

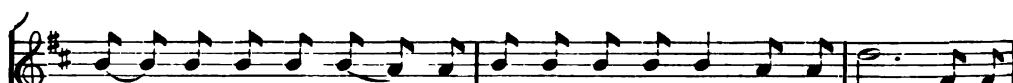


La, la, la, la,

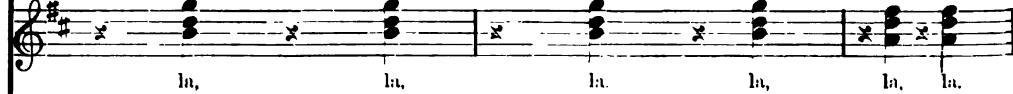
2d Bass.




Boom, boom, boom, boom,



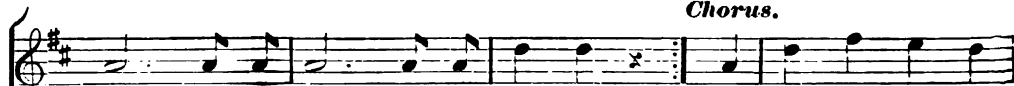
o - pens up a win - dow with a jim - my, so we did, With our hands, and our
 a - long comes a cop - per, and he puts a pair of cuffs On our hands, and our
 sees a heav - y swell . stop a - look - in' at his watch, With his hands, and his
 hits me a heav - y one.... up - on me bloom-in' nose. With his hands, and his




la, la, la, la, la, la.




boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

Chorus.


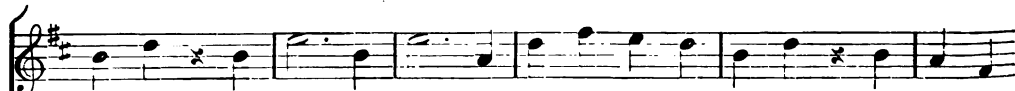
dukes, and our fists, and our maul - ers. }
 dukes, and our fists, and our maul - ers. } I wish there were no
 dukes, and his fists, and his maul - ers. }
 dukes, and his fists, and his maul - ers. }



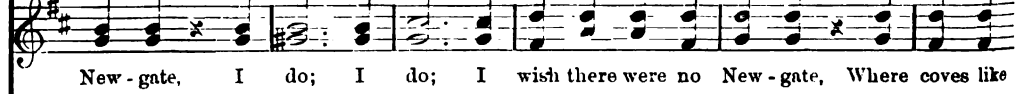
la, la, la, la, la, la. I wish there were no



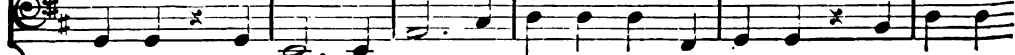
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.



New - gate, I do; I do; I wish there were no New - gate, Where coves like



New - gate, I do; I do; I wish there were no New - gate, Where coves like



us have got to wait, I do; I do; I wish there were no New-gate.

us have got to wait, I do; I do; I wish there were no New-gate.

3 I was walkin' down the street when I sees a p'rambulator
 With a nurse and a kid, a-holdin' of a 'tater
 In its hands, and its dukes, and its fists, and its maulers;
 And while the nurse was talkin' to the bobby on the beat,
 I snatches the potatoe, for I wanted it to eat,
 With me hands, and me dukes, and me fists, and me maulers.

4 And when the copper sees me, his whistle he does blow,
 And I runs into another one a block or so below,
 In his hands, in his dukes, in his fists, in his maulers;
 And for stealin' the potatoe they sends me to the "pen."
 Says the Warden, when he sees me: "Well, here you are again!
 In our hands, in our dukes, in our fists, in our maulers."

5 An'a-writin' of these words I was sittin' in my cell,
 If I's workin' for my livin' I'd been doin' very well
 With me hands, with me dukes, with me fists, with me maulers;
 I was makin' leather gloves out of paper they prepare,
 Which all the dudes and blokes upon the Strand do wear
 On their hands, on their dukes, on their fists, on their maulers.

THE BROKEN RING.

F. GLUCK, 1814.

1. In a cool and shad-y val - ley A mill-wheel turns all day; There dwelt of yore my loved one,
 2. To... me her troth she plighted, And pledg'd it with a ring; And when her troth she slighte I,
 3. As... minstrel would I wan-der Throughout the world apace; My mournful bal-lads sing-ing.

p. cres.
dim.
 Who now is far a - way; There dwelt of yore my loved one, Who now is far a - way.
 The ring in twain did spring; And when her troth she slight-ed, The ring in twain did spring.
 And go from place to place; My mournful bal-lads singing, And go from place to place.

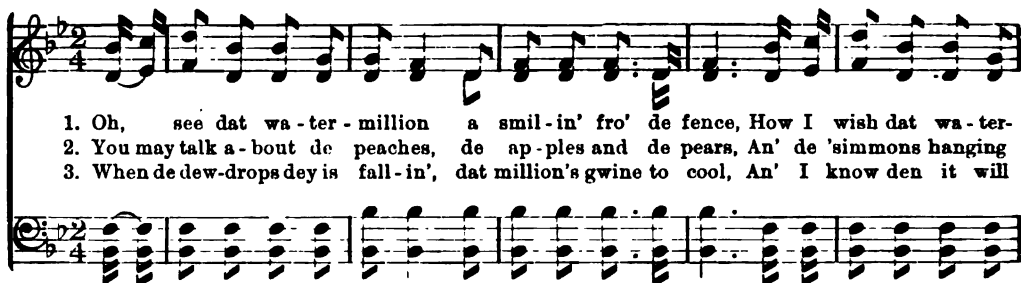
* 4 Fain would I rush as soldier
 Into the bloody fight;
 ||: And slumber by the watch-fires
 Throughout the gloomy night. :||

5 When I hear the mill-wheel turning,
 I know not what I will;
 ||: I would my life were ended,
 'Twould then at last be still. :||

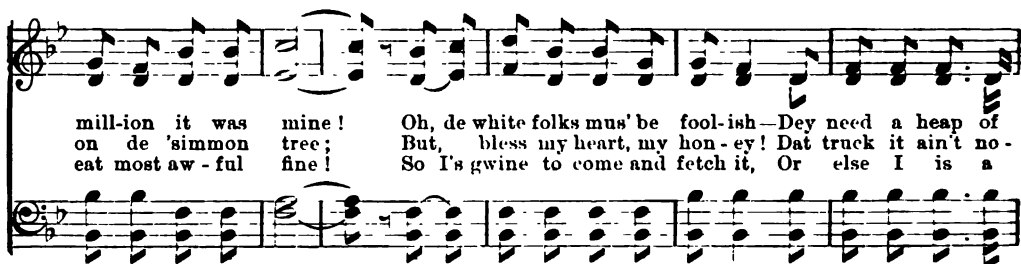
* 4th verse rather fast and forte, 5th slower and pp.

DAT WATER-MILLION.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. Oh, see dat wa-ter-mil-lion a smil-in' fro' de fence, How I wish dat wa-ter-
 2. You may talk a-bout de peaches, de ap-ples and de pears, An' de 'simmons hanging
 3. When de dew-drops dey is fall-in', dat million's gwine to cool, An' I know den it will



mill-ion it was mine! Oh, de white folks mus' be fool-ish—Dey need a heap of
 on de 'simmon tree; But, bless my heart, my hon-ey! Dat truck it ain't no-
 eat most aw-ful fine! So I's gwine to come and fetch it, Or else I is a

Chorus.


sense, Or dey'd nebbber leave it dar up-on de vine. } Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, An' de
 where's, Oh! de wa-ter-mil-lion am de fruit for me! }
 fool, If I leaves it dar a smil-in' on de vine.



ba-con am good, An' de 'possum fat am ber-ry, ber-ry fine; But gib me, yes,



gib me, Oh, how I wish you would! Dat wa-ter-mil-lion growin' on de vine.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

let - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry-house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. } The old oak - en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

buck - et; the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss - cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.

2 That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SHOOL.

1. I wish I were in New York ci - ty, Where all the girls they are so pret-ty, If I
2. I wish I were a mar-ried man, And had a wife whose name was Fan, I'd

The first system of the musical score for 'SHOOL.' features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

did n't have a time 'twould be a pi-ty, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
sing her a song on this same plan, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

CHORUS.
Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag - a - rack, shool - a - barb - a - cool, The

The third system is the chorus of the song. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

first time I saw psil-ly bal-ly eel, Dis cum bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.

CRAMBAMBULI.

Allegro.

1. Cram-bam-bu-li, it is the ti-tle Of that good song we
It is the means of health most vi-tal, When e-vil for-tunes
love the best ; } From eve-ning late till morn-ing free, I'll
us mo-lest. }

drink my glass, cram-bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam bam bu li, cram-bam-bu-li.

2 Were I into an inn ascended,
Most like some noble cavalier,
I'd leave the bread and roast untended,
And bid them bring the corkscrew here.
When blows the post-boy tran tan te,
Then to my glass, crambambuli,
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

3 Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian,—
For me were there an order founded,
'Tis this device I'd hang thereon :

"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du crambambuli,"
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

4 Crambambuli, it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past ;
When o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me,
To mar my pleasure at the last.
'Tis then we'll drink in company,
The last glass of crambambuli,
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

RIG-A-JIG.

Presto.

f

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said
 3. The pret - tiest girl I ev - er saw, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Was

pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
 she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
 suck - ing ci - der through a straw, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

OLD NASSAU.

1ST & 2D TENOR.

Arranged for Male Voices by EDWARD G. McCOLLIN.

f Allegro con spirito.

1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
 2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her man - tle round us draw; And
 3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The
 4. And when these walls in dust are laid, With rev - er - ence and awe; An -
 5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring, And while a breath we draw; We'll

1st & 2D Bass.

all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau:..... In
 thrill each heart with all her power, In praise of old Nas - sau:..... In
 gems that spar - kle in her crown, Shall nev - er pass a - way:..... In
 oth - er throng shall breathe our song, In praise of old Nau - sau:..... In
 all u - nite to shout and sing Long life to old Nau - sau:..... In

rall. ff pp f

Presto.

Praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Nau - sau!

Hur - rah! Nau - sau!

rall. molto.) 1st ending.

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!

) 2d ending. 3d ending.

cheers for old Nas - sau!..... cheers for old Nas - sau!...

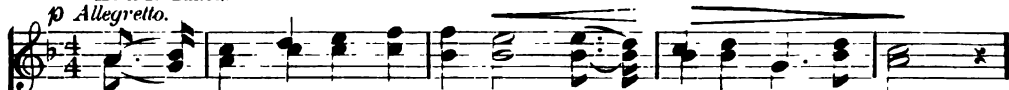
THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

Tune.—"SADIE RAY."

CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, Princeton, '89.

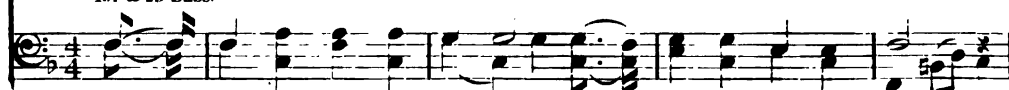
Arr. for Male Voices by EDWARD G. McCOLLIN.

1ST & 2D TENOR.

Allegretto.

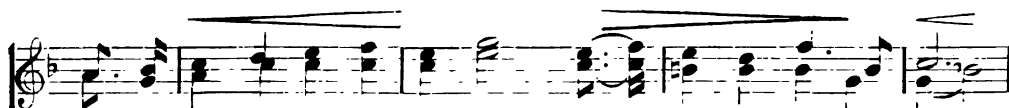
1. Though.. Yale has al - ways fa - vored, The... vi - o - let's dark blue,
2. Thro' the four long years of col - lege, Midst the scenes we know so well,
3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Ming'ling fast our locks with grey,

1ST & 2D BASS.

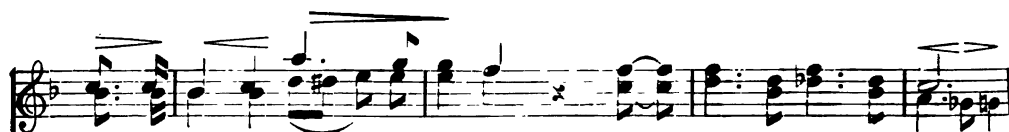


fa - vored
col - lege,
take.... us

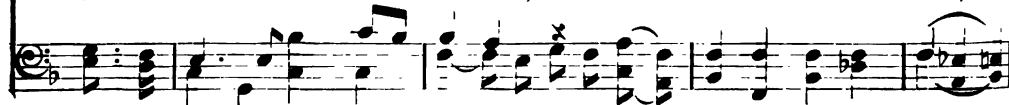
blue, dark blue,
well, so well
grey, with grey.



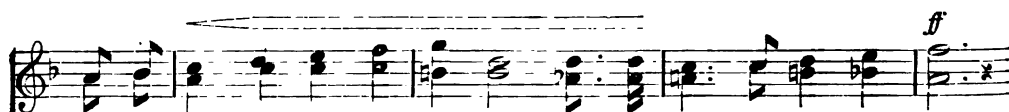
And the gen - tle sons of Har - vard To the crim - son rose are true,
As the mys - tic charm of know - ledge We... vain - ly seek to spell,
Should our dear - est hopes be - tray us, False.. for - tune fall a - way,



We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor.. hon - or shall they lack,...
As we win ath - let - ic vic - tories, On the foot - ball-field or track,...
Still we'll ban - ish care... and sad - ness, As we turn our mem - ries back,...

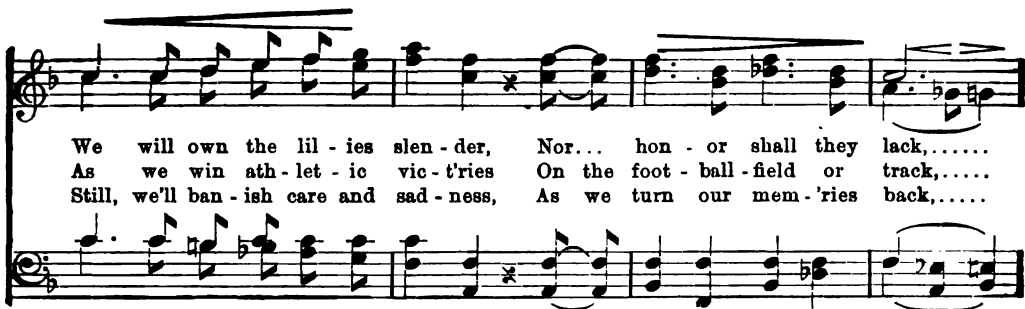


own..... the lil - ies slen - der,
win..... ath - let - ic vic - tories,
ban - ish care and sad - ness,

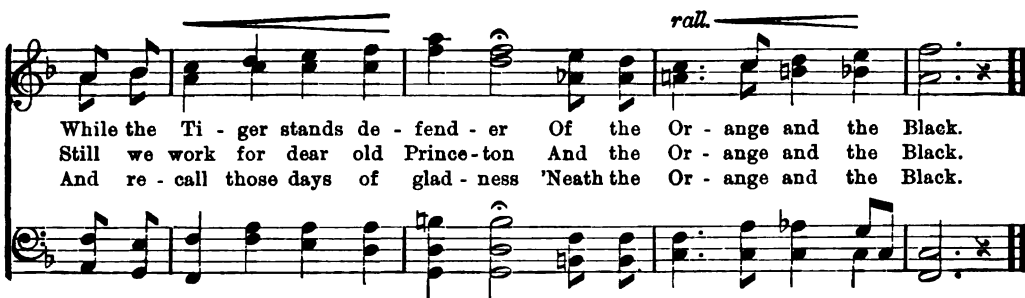


While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black;
Still we work for dear old Prince - ton And the Or - ange and the Black;
And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black;





We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor... hon - or shall they lack,.....
 As we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball - field or track,.....
 Still, we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness, As we turn our mem - 'ries back,.....



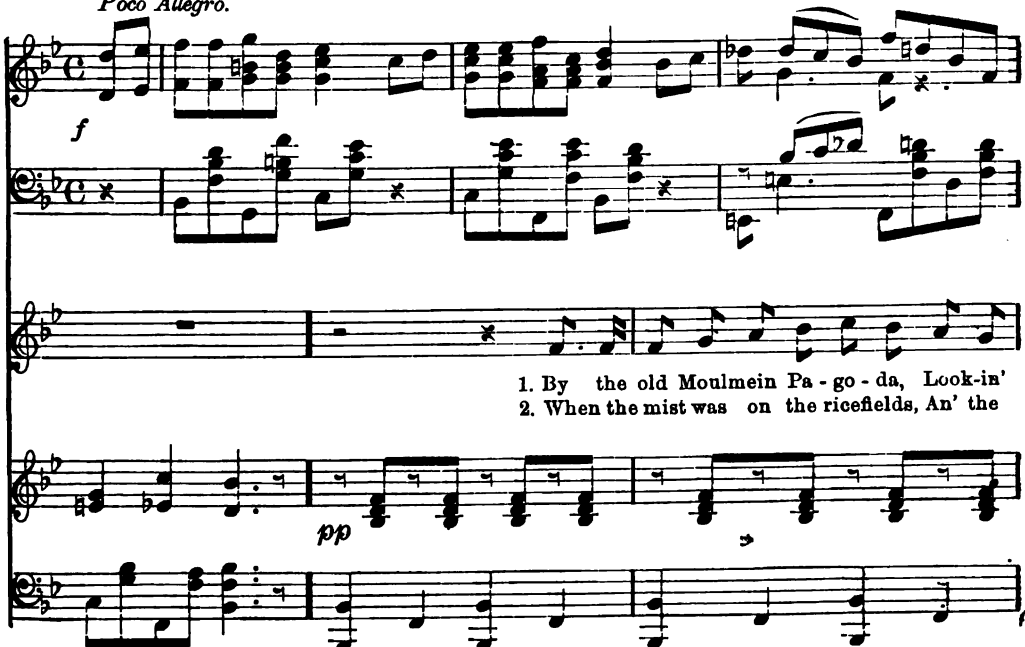
rall.
 While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black.
 Still we work for dear old Prince - ton And the Or - ange and the Black.
 And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

MANDALAY.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Poco Allegro.

Music by DYNELEY PRINCE.



f
 1. By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, Look-in'
 2. When the mist was on the ricefields, An' the
pp

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east-ward to the sea, There's a Bur-ma girl a-set-tin', An' I
sun was drop-pin' slow, She'd git 'er lit-tle ban-jo An' she'd

know she thinks o' me; For the wind is in the palm-trees, And the
sing "Kul-la-lo-lo!" With 'er arm up-on my shoul-der, An' 'er

rit. *a tempo.*
tem-ple-bells they say:- 'Come you back, you Brit-ish sol-dier, Come you
cheek a-gin my cheek; We use-ter watch the steam-ers An' the

rit. *trem.* *a tempo.*
Ped. *

back to Man-da-lay!' Come you back to Man-da-lay, Where the
ha-this pil-in' teak. E-le-phints a-pil-in' teak In the

old Flo-til - la lay: Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' From Rangoon to Man-da - lay?
slud-gy, spudgy creek, Where the si-lence'ung that 'eav - y You was 'arf a-fraid to speak!

Chorus.

On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the

dawn comes up like thun - der, Out - er Chi - na, 'crost the Bay!

D. C.

3 But that's all shove be'ind me—
Long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin'
From the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London
What the ten-year soldier tells:—
'If you've 'eard the East a-callin',
You won't never 'eed naught else.'
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees,
An' the tinkly temple-bells.—*Cho.*

4 Ship me somewheres east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
An' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin',
An' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda,
Looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings,
When we went to Mandalay!—*Cho.*

LONG TAIL, BLUE.

1. Oh, *Bill and Sam they had a fight, They sit all day, and sit all night. And
 2. I'll set my ta - ble, oh - i - oh, I'll set my ta - ble, oh - i - oh, I'll

in the morn - ing Bil - ly was seen, A punching Sammy on the Bow - ling green.
 set my ta - ble in the middle of the floor, And eat my sheep - shanks and say no more.

CHORUS.

Stead - y on the long tail Blue - o - o, Stead - y on the long tail Blue; I'll

dress my - self so neat and clean, To meet my Pol - ly on the Bow - ling Green.

* Any other names may be used.

PEANUTS.

1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh - bor none,

He shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone,

When his pea - nuts are gone..... When his pea - nuts are gone; He

Chorus.

shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts When his pea - nuts are gone. Oh! that will be

joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful; Oh! that will be joy - ful When his pea - nuts are gone.

2 The man that has plenty of good soft and sweet soda crackers, And giveth his neighbor none, etc.

3 The man that has plenty of good lonejack smoking tobacco, And giveth, etc.

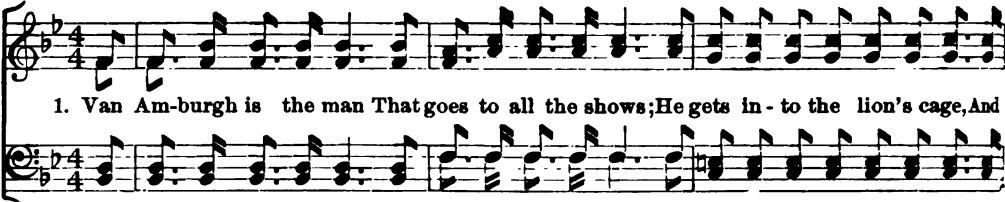
4 The man that has plenty of stale old roasted chestnuts, And giveth, etc.

5 The man that has plenty of Lorillard's fresh fine cut unadulterated chewing tobacco, And giveth, etc.

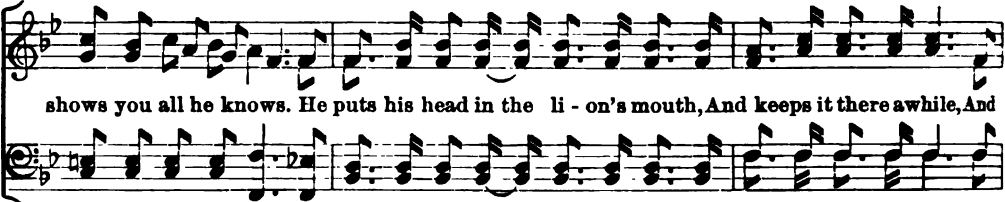
6 The man that has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money, And giveth, etc.

7 The man that has plenty of Richmond straight cut cigarettes of delicate flavor and highest cost tobacco, And giveth, etc. 8. The man that has plenty of chestnuts, etc.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE.



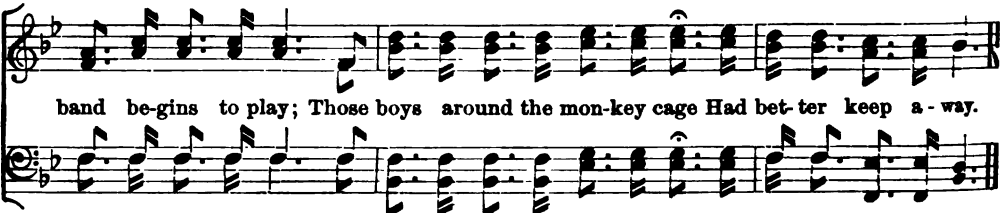
1. Van Am-burgh is the man That goes to all the shows; He gets in - to the lion's cage, And



shows you all he knows. He puts his head in the li - on's mouth, And keeps it there awhile, And



CHORUS.
when he takes it out a - gain, He greets you with a smile. The el - ephant now goes round, The



band be-gins to play; Those boys around the mon-key cage Had bet-ter keep a - way.

2 First comes the great African Polar bear,
Oft called the iceberg's daughter,
He eats three tubs of ice per day,
And calls for soda water;
He stands in water up to his knees,
Not fearing any harm,
You may growl and grumble all you please,
And he don't care a darn.—CHO.

3 Next comes the Boa Constricta,
Called Anaconda for brevity,
Who can swallow an elephant as easily as a toad,
And is noted for his great longevity.
He can swallow himself, go thro' himself,
Comes out with great facility,
Twist himself into a double bow knot, snap his tail,
And wink with great agility.—CHO.

4 That Hyena there in the next cage,
Most wonderful to relate,
The other day, in a fit of rage,
Eat up his female mate.
So don't go near his cage,
He'll bite you, little boys,
And when he's mad he often growls,
And makes this horrid noise :
(Ow! and chorus together).

5 Next comes the Vulture, awful bird,
From highest mountain tops,
Who has been known to eat up little boys,
And then he licks his chop,
The performance can't go on,
There's too much noise and confusion,
O ladies, stop feeding the baboon peanuts,
You'll ruin his constitution.—CHO.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair; Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I could n't get a-cross; Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

SOLO.

CHORUS.

doo-dle all the day. My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo-dle all the day. With cur - ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo-dle all the day. An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss: Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

Fare - well,

Fare - well,

doo - dle all the day. Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
 doo - dle all the day. Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
 doo - dle all the day. Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to

see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

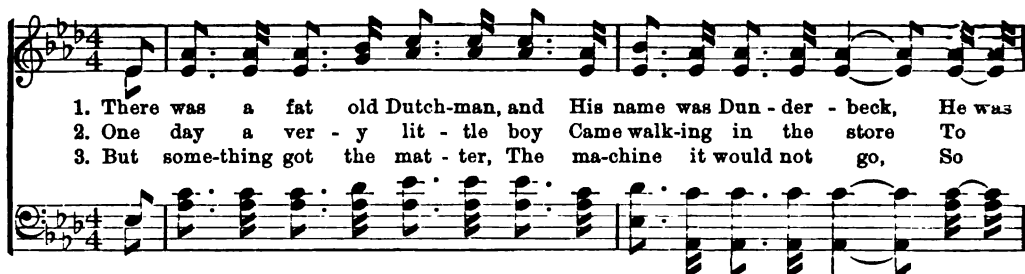
4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.—CHO.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.—CHO.

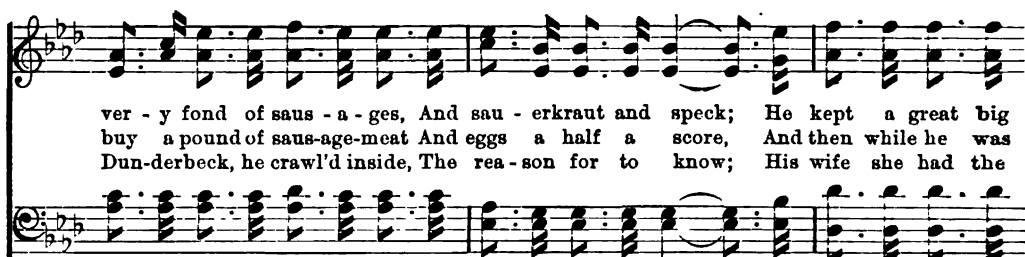
5 Oh, I went to bed, but it was n't no use:
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.—CHO.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.—CHO.
 And so on, *ad infin.*

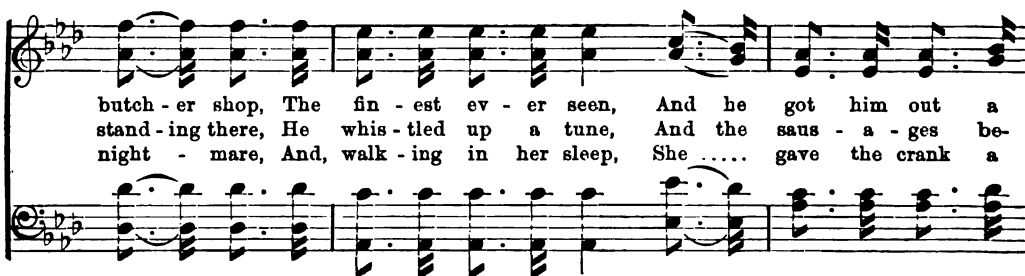
DUNDERBECK.



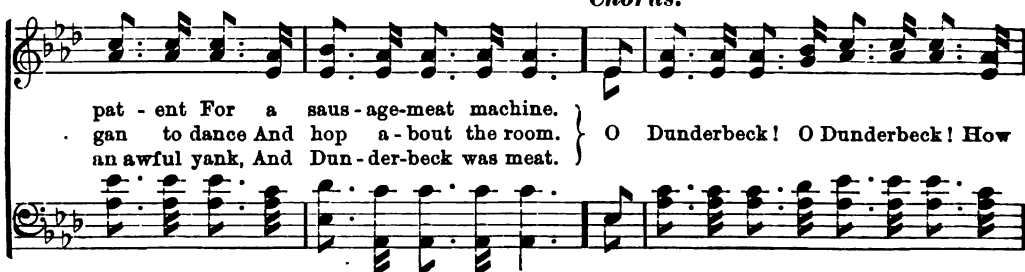
1. There was a fat old Dutch-man, and His name was Dun - der - beck, He was
 2. One day a ver - y lit - tle boy Came walk-ing in the store To
 3. But some-thing got the mat - ter, The ma-chine it would not go, So



ver - y fond of saus - a - ges, And sau - erkraut and speck; He kept a great big
 buy a pound of saus-age-meat And eggs a half a score, And then while he was
 Dun-derbeck, he crawl'd inside, The rea-son for to know; His wife she had the



butch - er shop, The fin - est ev - er seen, And he got him out a
 stand - ing there, He whis - tled up a tune, And the saus - a - ges be-
 night - mare, And, walk - ing in her sleep, She gave the crank a

Chorus.


pat - ent For a saus-age-meat machine.
 gan to dance And hop a - bout the room. } O Dunderbeck! O Dunderbeck! How
 an awful yank, And Dun-der-beck was meat.



could you be so mean; I'm sorry you e'er in-vent-ed That won-der-ful ma-

chine; For pus - sy - cats and long-tail'd rats will nev - er-more be seen,

For they'll all be ground to saus - age-meat In Dun - der-beck's ma-chine.

BOHUNKUS.

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers;

Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - seph-us was the oth-er's.

2 Now, these two boys had suits of clothes.
And they were made for Sunday;
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus, his on Monday.

4 Now, these two boys are dead and gone—
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request.

3 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

5 Now, these two boys, their story told,
And they did tell it well:
Bohunkus he to heaven went.
Josephus he to—Yale.

BA, BE.

1. B - a ba, B - e be, B - i bi, Ba be bi, B - o bo,
 2. W - h - y, d - o do, y - o - u, Why do you, S - i si,
 3. M - a ma, r - y ry, A - n an, Ma - ry An d - e - r,
 4. B - e - n j - a ja, m - i - n, Ben - ja - min, B - u - t,

Ba - be - bi - bo, B - u bu, Ba - be - bi - bo - bu. Li -
 Why do you sigh, S - o, so, Why do you sigh so? Li -
 Ma - ry An - der - s - o - n, Ma - ry An - der - son. Li -
 Ben - ja - min But, l - e - r, Bel - va A. Lock - wood. Li -

to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swee - dle wink tum hi ra sah, Li -

to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swee - dle wink dum Bum.

PETER GRAY.

Andante.

1. Once on a time there was a man, his name was Pe - ter Gray,
 2. Now Pe - ter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
 3. But just as they were go-ing to wed, her pa - pa he said "No,"

He lived way down in that 'ere town, call'd Penn-syl - va - ni - a.
 The first three let - ters of her name were L - U - C, Anna Quirl.
 And con - se - quent - ly she was sent way off to O - hi - o.

Chorus.

p Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow ye winds, Heigh - o!...

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow!

4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
 Till he was caught and scalp - y - ed by the bloody Indians.—*Cho.*

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
 And never did get up again until she di - i - ed.—*Cho.*

By permission of TAINTOR BROS.

UPIDEE.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, As

The first system of the musical score for 'UPIDEE.' It features a solo part for the voice and a chorus part for the piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The solo part begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The chorus part begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: '1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, As'.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.**

through the Al - pine vil - lage passed, U - pi - dee - i - da! A

The second system of the musical score. It continues the solo and chorus parts. The solo part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The chorus part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: 'through the Al - pine vil - lage passed, U - pi - dee - i - da! A'.

ritard.

youth who bore mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,

The third system of the musical score. It features a solo part and a chorus part. The solo part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The chorus part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: 'youth who bore mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,'.

CHORUS.

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,

The fourth system of the musical score. It features a chorus part. The chorus part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: 'U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,'.

tr....

U - pi - dee - i - da! r-r-r-rah! rah! rah! rah! siss boom ah!

The fifth system of the musical score. It features a solo part and a chorus part. The solo part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The chorus part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: 'U - pi - dee - i - da! r-r-r-rah! rah! rah! rah! siss boom ah!'.

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da!

The sixth system of the musical score. It features a solo part and a chorus part. The solo part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The chorus part has a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are: 'U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da!'.



ritard. *FINE.*

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, Ti - ger, (*Spoken.*) Siss-a-s! Boom! Ah!

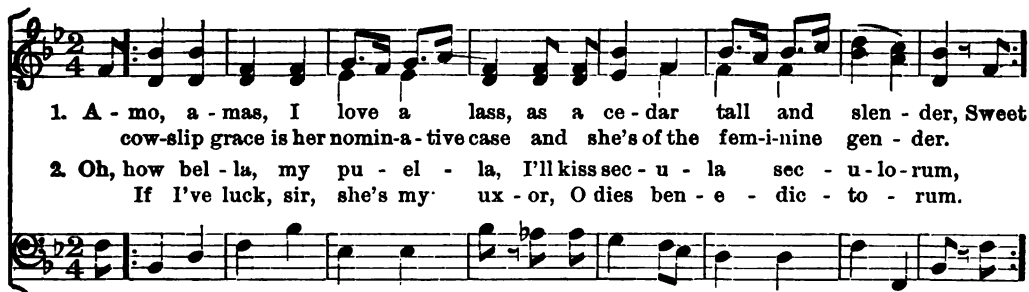
2 His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of an unknown tongue: — CHO.

3 "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered with a sigh: — CHO.

4 At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air: — CHO.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in the snow was found
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device: — CHO

AMO.



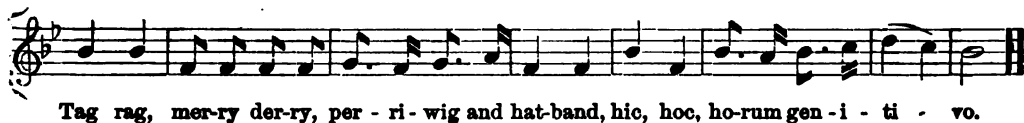
1. A - mo, a - mas, I love a lass, as a ce - dar tall and slen - der, Sweet
 cow-slip grace is her nomin-a - tive case and she's of the fem-i-nine gen - der.

2. Oh, how bel - la, my pu - el - la, I'll kiss sec - u - la sec - u - lo - rum,
 If I've luck, sir, she's my ux - or, O dies ben - e - dic - to - rum.

CHORUS.



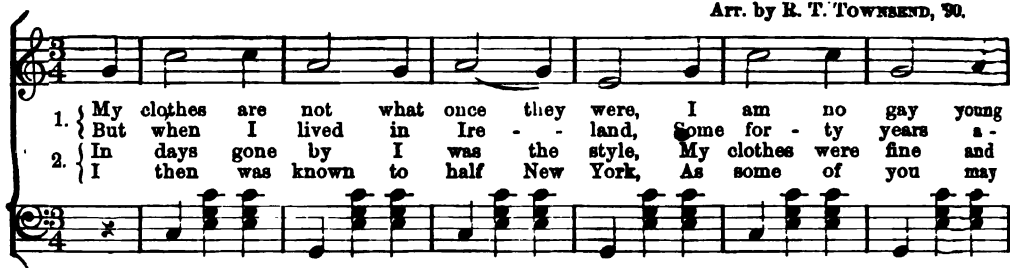
Ro - rum, co - rum, sweet di - vo - rum, ha - rum, sca - rum, di - vo.



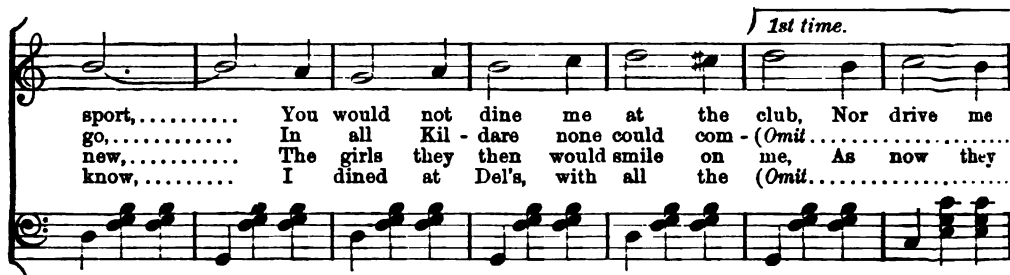
Tag rag, mer-ry der-ry, per - ri - wig and hat-band, hic, hoc, ho-rum gen - i - ti - vo.

O'DONOHUE.

Arr. by R. T. TOWNSEND, 90.

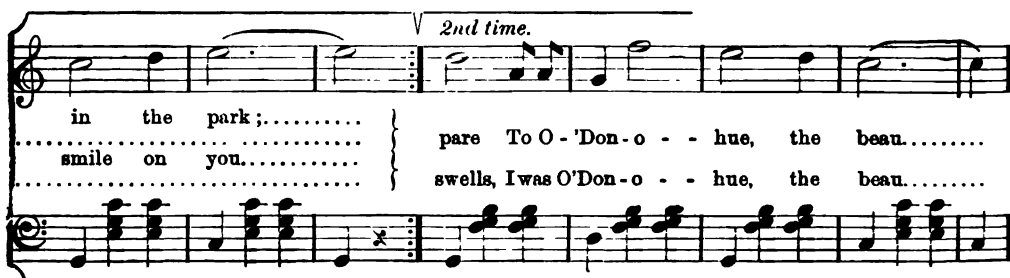


1. { My clothes are not what once they were, I am no gay young
But when I lived in Ire - land, Some for - ty years a -
2. { In days gone by I was the style, My clothes were fine and
I then was known to half New York, As some of you may



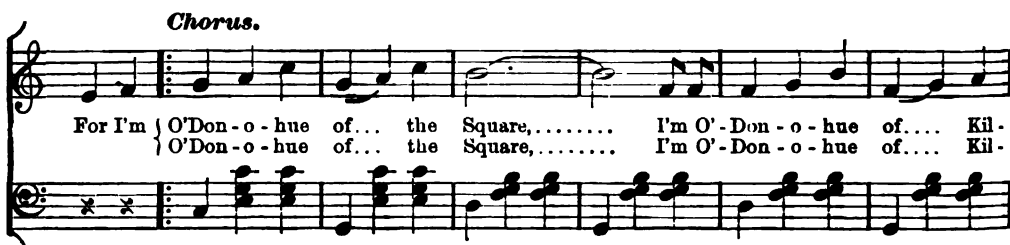
1st time.

sport,..... You would not dine me at the club, Nor drive me
go,..... In all Kil - dare none could com - (Omit.....
new,..... The girls they then would smile on me, As now they
know,..... I dined at Del's, with all the (Omit.....



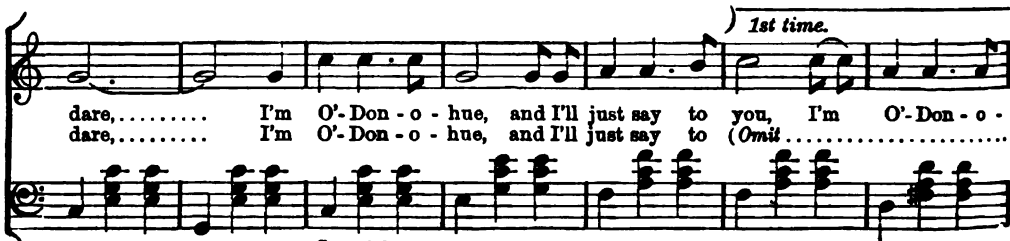
2nd time.

in the park ;..... } pare To O - 'Don - o - - hue, the beau.....
smile on you..... } swells, I was O'Don - o - - hue, the beau.....



Chorus.


For I'm } O'Don - o - hue of... the Square,..... I'm O' - Don - o - hue of... Kil -
O'Don - o - hue of... the Square,..... I'm O' - Don - o - hue of... Kil -



1st time.

dare,..... I'm O' - Don - o - hue, and I'll just say to you, I'm O' - Don - o -
dare,..... I'm O' - Don - o - hue, and I'll just say to (Omit.....


2nd time.




hue of nowhere-where-where-where. But I'm } you, I'm O'-Don-o-hue of no-where.....

THE LORELEY.


F. SILCHER.




1. I... know not what it pre-sa-ges, That I am so sad.. to day;
 2. The most beau-ti-ful maid is re-clin-ing On the cliff, so won-drous fair;
 3. It... seiz-es with wild-est yearn-ing The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;



A le-gend of for-mer a-ges Will not from my thoughts a-way.
 Her glo-ri-ous jew-els are shin-ing, She is comb-ing her gold-en hair;
 He sees not the treach-er-ous break-ers, He.. gaz-es a-lone on the cliff.



The.. air... is cool and it dar-kles, The Rhine flows calm-ly on,.....
 With a gold-en comb she combs it, And sings a song there-by,.....
 And.. soon will the waves en-gulf them, Both boat and boat-man strong,...



The peak of the mount-ain spar-kles In the glow of the eve-ning sun.
 That thrills with its mys-tic mean-ing And.. pow-er-ful mel-o-dy.
 For thus in her toils hath she bound them, The.. Lore-ley with.. her song.

JODEL.

1. { When the col-lege bell is ring-ing, Jo-del-i - o, Jo-del-i - o, - o, } Fresh as { From my down-y couch a-springing, Jo-del-i - o, Jo-del-i - o, - o, }

fresh can be, forth I sal - ly, With my ban - jo bright thro' the val - ley,

To my best girl gai - ly sing-ing, Jo-del-i - o, Jo-del-i - o. Fresh as | - o.


Warble.
La . . . La . . . La . . .
CHORUS. La la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la


2 When the day is closing o'er us,
Jodelio, Jodelio,
And the landscape fades before us,
Jodelio, Jodelio.

When our merry men quit their polling,
And the college bell quits its tolling,
Sweetly then we'll raise the chorus,
Jodelio, Jodelio.—CHO.

RIO GRANDE.



1. Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid? Heave a - way, Heigh-ho! I'm
 2. Oh, what is your fa - ther, my pret - ty maid? Heave a - way, Heigh-ho! My




go - ing a milk - ing, Sir, she said, And I'm bound for the Ri - o Grande.
 fa - ther's a far - mer, Sir, she said, And I'm bound for the Ri - o Grande.

CHORUS.



Heave a - way, heigh - ho! Heave a - way, heigh - ho! heigh - ho! I'm
 Heave a - way, heigh - ho! Heave a - way, heigh - ho! heigh - ho! My



go - ing a milk - ing, Sir, she said, And I'm bound for the Ri - o Grande.
 fa - ther's a far - mer, Sir, she said, And I'm bound for the Ri - o Grande.

3 Oh! what is your fortune, my pretty maid? 4 Oh! then I'll not marry you, my pretty maid,
 Heave away, heigh ho! Heave away, heigh ho!
 My face is my fortune, Sir, she said, Oh! nobody asked you, Sir, she said,
 And I'm bound for the Rio Grande.—CHO. And I'm bound for the Rio Grande.—CHO.

N. B.—The Chorus repeats the last two lines of each verse.

CHING-A-LING.

WHISTLE.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
 2. We charm and en - trance, all men in the dance,

CHORUS.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the east, we re -
 Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! Ha!
 loud far and wide, Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! Ha!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! Ha!

CHORUS.

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
 2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the

Deitch have come; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
 lag - er beer; For the, etc.

ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny. Ho - ra, ho - ra,

ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Heis mine oys - ter raw.

WARBLE.

LITTLE DOG.

WARBLE.

SOLO.

1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone, Oh, where, oh, where can he be;
2. My little dog al - ways wag-gles his tail, When-ever he wants his grog:

With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh, where, oh, where can he be.
And if the tail were stronger than he, Why the tail would waggle the —

CHORUS.

(Legato with syllables like those used by the warbler.)



ODE.

SUNG AT CENTENNIAL OF PRINCETON COLLEGE. 1847.

BY MATTHIAS WARD.

Tune—*Harwell*.

TUTTI.

Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.

Now the light that glows before thee,
Shines to show the world thy fame.—CHO.

1 Heaven bless this happy union,
Mingling hearts estranged so long;
Here once more in fond communion
Old companions join in song.

4 Lo! an hundred years departed,
Since thy tender infant hour;
Stronger now and stouter hearted,
Time has but increased thy power.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.

5 Thou hast reared the pride of nations—
Thine, thy country's boast abroad—
Thine, who hold its honored stations—
Thine, who teach the way to God!—CHO.

2 War has struck thy dwelling hoary—
Weak the foe and vain the fight;
Thou hast won a higher glory,
Gentle peace, and truth, and right.—CHO.

6 Never more as thus we'll meet thee,
Leaning on thy fost'ring arm;
May a century bring to greet thee,
Souls as true and hearts as warm.—CHO.

3 Fire has tried its fury o'er thee,
Fierce the blaze and bright the flame;

7 Good and true men, gone before us,
Leading to the upward way;
May their spirits, hovering o'er us,
Smile on Nassau's natal day!—CHO.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Sung at the Centennial Celebration of Nassau Hall, Tuesday, January 29, 1847,

Tune—*Old Hundred*.

- 1 Our fathers' God, we come to thee;
To thee our grateful voices raise;
Help us on this our jubilee
To join in humble, solemn praise.
- 2 Before the throne of heavenly grace,
Ye sons of *Nassau*, raise your songs:
The mercies of a hundred years
Demand your grateful hearts and tongues.
- 3 Through all the conflicts of the way,
Our fathers' God has led us on;
His Providence has been our stay;
In Him we lived, in Him alone.
- 4 A hundred years! a hundred years!
Welcome the joyful jubilee!
Great God! how rich thy love appears,
How large our mighty debt to thee!
- 5 Our fathers! loved and honored name!
We love to speak their hallowed praise;
Through them what precious blessings came!
For them our hearty thanks we raise.
- 6 Our fathers' God still lives and reigns;
To Him we look, in Him rejoice;
His love our confidence sustains,
To Him we'll raise our grateful voice.
- 7 Smile, mighty God, forever smile
On this beloved and honored place:
Here let our sons forever come,
And always find it wisdom's home.

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK.

Moderato. mf

1. Here's to the fox in his earth be-low the rocks! And here's to the line that we
 2. Here's to the horse, and the ri - der, too, of course, And here's to the ral-ly o' the
 3. Here's to the gap, and the tim - ber that we rap, Here's to the white thorn and the

mf

8ves.

fol - low, And here's to the hound with his nose up - on the ground, Though
 hunt, boys, Here's a health to ev - 'ry friend, who can strug - gle to the end, And
 black, too; And here's to the pace that puts life in - to the chase, And the

ff

Chorus.

mer - ri - ly we whoop, and we hol - loa.
 here's to the Tal-ly Ho in front, boys. } Then drink, puppy, drink, And let ev-'ry puppy
 fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.

f

8ves.

drink, That is old e-nough to lap and to swallow, For he'll grow in - to a hound, So we'll



pass the bot-tle round, And mer-ri-ly we'll WHOOP,* and we'll hol-loa! hol-loa!

* Falsetto shriek, *ad lib.*

4 Oh, the pack is stanch and true, now they run from scent to view,
And its worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;
To see them drive and stoop 'till they finish with "Who-whoop,"
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys.—*Cho.*

THE PRINCETON TEAM.

Air.—BRITISH GRENADIERS.



1. Some talk of Al-ex-an-der and some of Her-cu-les, Of Hec-tor and Ly-
2. Those he-ros of an-ti-qui-ty ne'er saw Ames kick a ball, Nor knew the force of
3. When our e-lev-en line up a-gainst the men from Yale, Our for-ward stand up

san-der and such great men as these; But all the old world's he-ros a-like seem
Cowen's rush to break their lines with-al: For we've the boys to play, sir, and play right
bold-ly, our back they nev-er quail; They break thro' backs and rush-ers and down the

poor and mean, With a 'rah! 'rah! ti-ger! siss! boom! ah, for the Princeton Football Team.
well we mean, With a 'rah! 'rah! ti-ger! siss! boom! ah, for the Princeton Football Team.
field they stream, With a 'rah! 'rah! ti-ger! siss! boom! ah, for the Princeton Football Team.

4 And when to town we ride back with cheers and songs and noise,
The people all "Hurrah" cry, "here come the Princeton boys,
Here come's the Princeton team, my boys, the finest ever seen."
With a 'rah! etc.

5 Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who wear the canvas jacket and the black and orange hose.
May they and their brave captain live happy as a dream.
With a 'rah! etc.

LOVELY ANGELINE.

With expression. Moderately fast.

Composed and arranged by FRANK B. CONVERSE.

'Twas on a summer's eve when ro - ses bloom, I met a charm-ing

Parts soft always. la, la, la la la la, la, la,

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

crea-ture; The air was fragrant with the sweet per-fume That told of love to

la, la, la, la, la, la la la la, la, la,

bum, bum,bum,bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

me, 'Twas a rose-bud she gave me as a to-ken, lov-ers to-ken, all un-

la la la, la, la, la, la, la la la,

bum,bum,bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

spo-ken, And she swore, her vow would ne'er be bro - ken; Oh, I'm

la la la, la, la, la, la,

bum, bum,bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

The upper line in the Parts is first Tenor; the next, second Tenor; and the next, first Bass. The single lowest line is the second Bass.

By permission of FRANK B. CONVERSE.

hap - py, yes, as hap - py as can be. She's a dar - - - ing, she's a
faster.
 la la la la. She's, she is a darling,
Parts soft.
 bum, bum. She's, she is a darling,

queen, She's the fair - - - est one I've seen, And my
 and she's a queen, She is the fair - est one that I have seen,
 and she's a queen, She is the fair - est one that I have seen,

heart is all se - rene, . . . for she loves but me, and
 And my heart is all se-rene, For she loves but me, and
 And my heart is all se-rene, For she loves but me, and

she has told me so; She's a tu - - - lip, she's a rose, She's the
 she has told me so; She is a tu-lip, and she's a rose,
 she has told me so; She is a tu-lip, and she's a rose,

fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright - est star that
 fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright - est star that
 fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright - est star that

slowly. rit - ar - do.

in the gar - den grows, My charming, my love - ly An - ge - line. . .
 in the gar - den grows, My charming, my love - ly An - ge - line.
 in the gar - den grows, my love - ly An - ge - line. . .

INTEGER VITÆ.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in hos - pit -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis, grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - - tra.
 a - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lambit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
 Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrit.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
 Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
 Jupiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata;
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, '89.

Music by FRANCES SHACKELTON.

1. Although Yale has al - ways fa - vored The vi - o - let's dark blue,
 2. Thro' the four long years of Col - lege, Midst the scenes we know so well,
 3. When the cares of life o'er - take us, Mingling fast our locks with gray,

And the gen - tle sons of Har - vard To the crim - son rose are true,
 As the mys - tic charm to knowl - edge We... vain - ly seek to spell:
 Should our dear - est hopes be - tray us, False.. For - tune fall a - way;

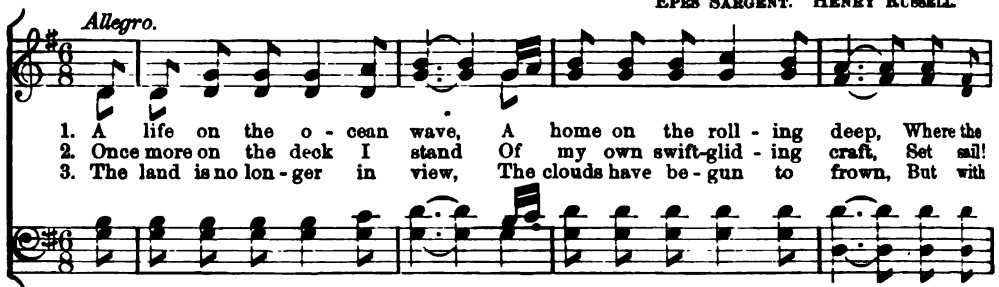
We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor.. hon - or shall they lack,
 Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field, or track,
 Still we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn 'our mem - 'ries back,

While the Ti - ger stands de - fen - der Of the Or - ange and the Black.
 Still we work for dear old Prince - ton, And the Or - ange and the Black.
 And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

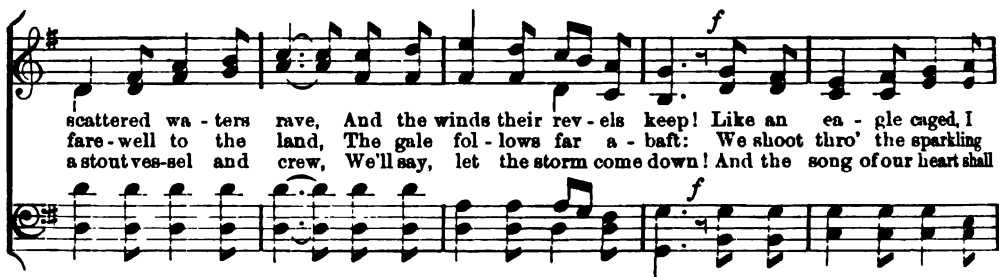
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPES SARGENT. HENRY RUSSELL.

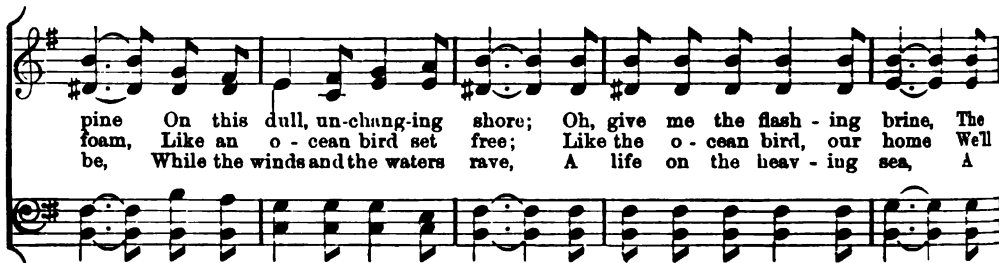
Allegro.



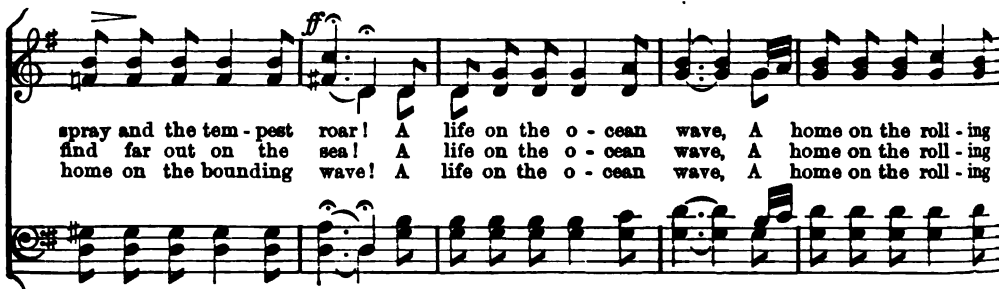
1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-glid - ing craft, Set sail!
 3. The land is no lon - ger in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But with



scattered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I
 fare-well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling
 a stout ves-sel and crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall



pine On this dull, un-chang-ing shore; Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The
 foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll
 be, While the winds and the waters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A

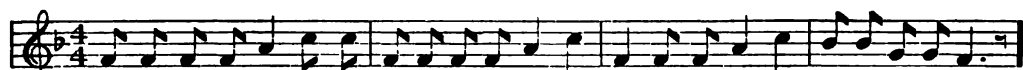


spray and the tem - pest roar! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 find far out on the sea! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 home on the bounding wave! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing



deep! Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep!

ROLLING HOME.

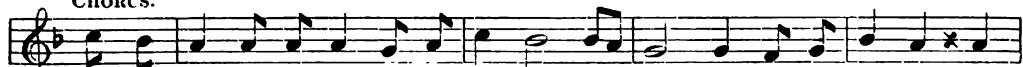


1. I've a jol-ly six-pence, a jol-ly, jol-ly six-pence, I love a six-pence as I love my life;



I'll spend a pen-ny of it, I'll lend a pen-ny of it, I'll car-ry four-pence home to my wife.

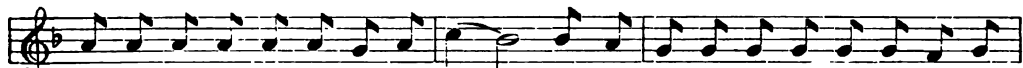
CHORUS.



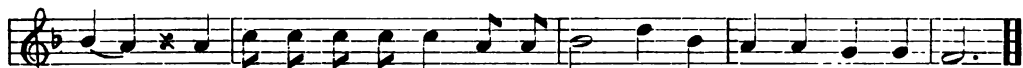
May the pipe and the bowl nev-er leave us, Kind friends nev-er de-ceive us, and



hap-py is the one that shall meet us, As we go roll-ing home, Roll-ing



reel-ing roll-ing, reel-ing roll-ing home, Roll-ing reel-ing, roll-ing reel-ing, roll-ing



home, And hap-py is the one that shall meet us, As we go roll-ing home.

2 I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
I love a fippence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry threepence home to my wife.

CHORUS.

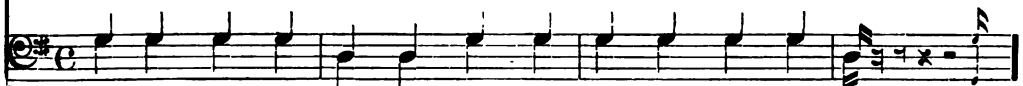
3 I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love a fourpence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry a twopence home to my wife.

CHORUS.

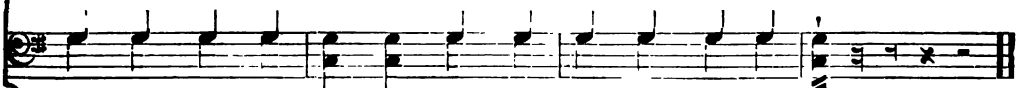
SAW MY LEG OFF.



p 1. Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, Saw my leg off short! short! *ff* FINE.



Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, Saw my leg off short? *ff* D.C.



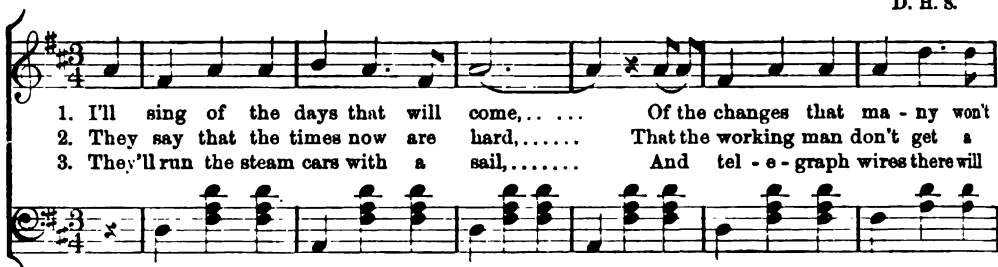
2 Saw it on again, quick!

3 Chaw my ear off, short!

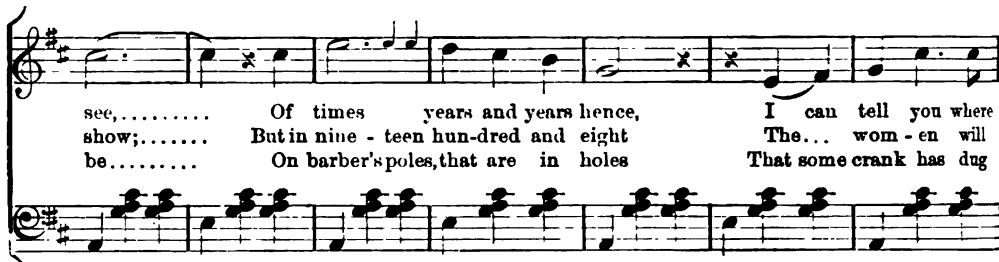
4 Hash for breakfast, hash for dinner, hash for supper, Hash!

1908.

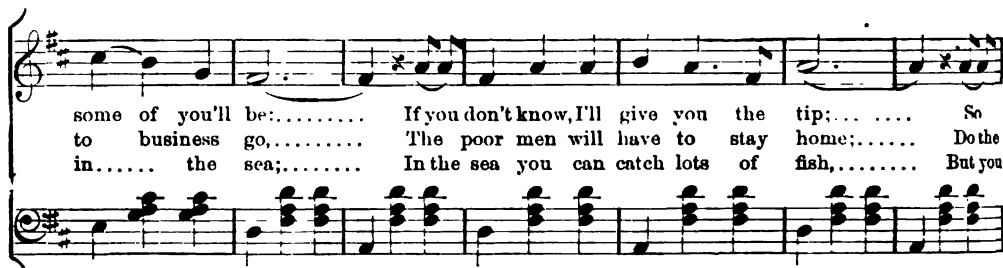
D. H. 8.



1. I'll sing of the days that will come, Of the changes that ma - ny won't
 2. They say that the times now are hard, That the working man don't get a
 3. They'll run the steam cars with a sail, And tel - e - graph wires there will



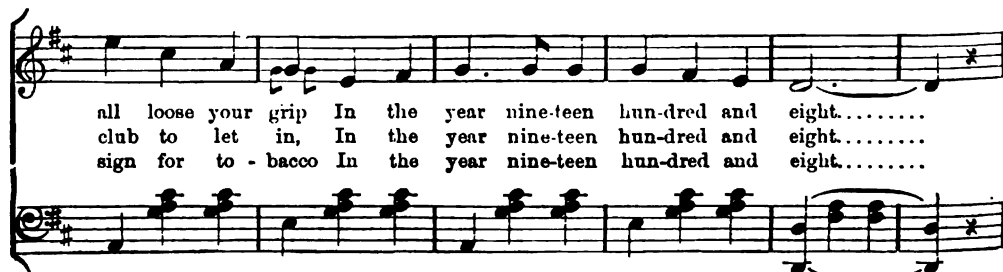
see, Of times years and years hence, I can tell you where
 show; But in nine - teen hun-dred and eight The . . . wom - en will
 be On barber's poles, that are in holes That some crank has dug



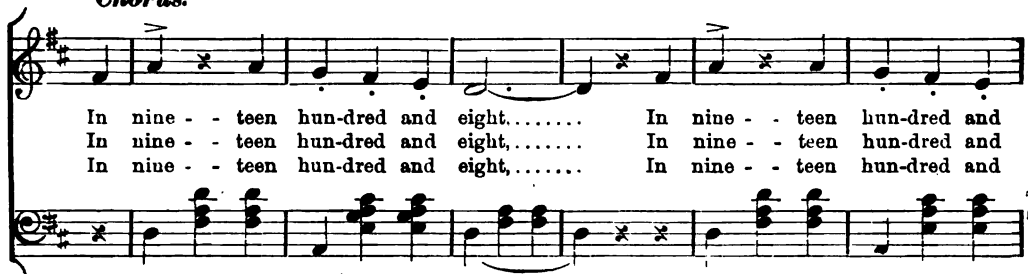
some of you'll be: If you don't know, I'll give you the tip: So
 to business go, The poor men will have to stay home; Do the
 in the sea; In the sea you can catch lots of fish, But you



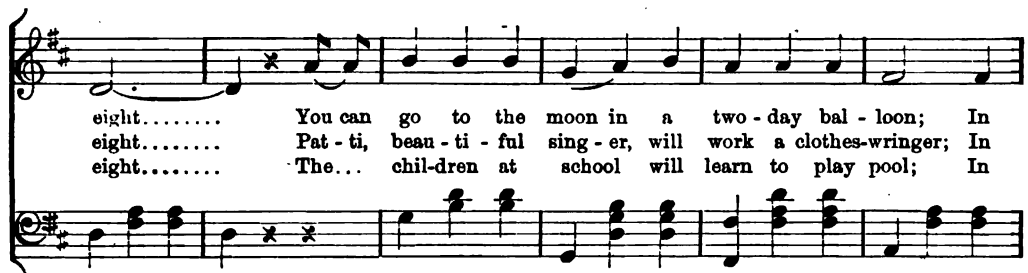
catch on and don't be too late, If you do, you'll get left, and you'll
 wash - ing and sit up and wait, For their wives, fill'd with gin, from the
 won't have to use a - ny bait, And the am - a - teur ac - tor'll be a



all loose your grip In the year nine-teen hun-dred and eight
 club to let in, In the year nine-teen hun-dred and eight
 sign for to - bacco In the year nine-teen hun-dred and eight

Chorus.


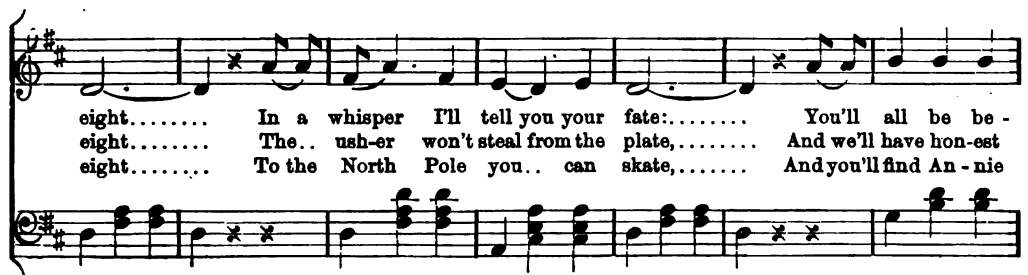
In nine - - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - - teen hun-dred and
 In nine - - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - - teen hun-dred and
 In nine - - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - - teen hun-dred and



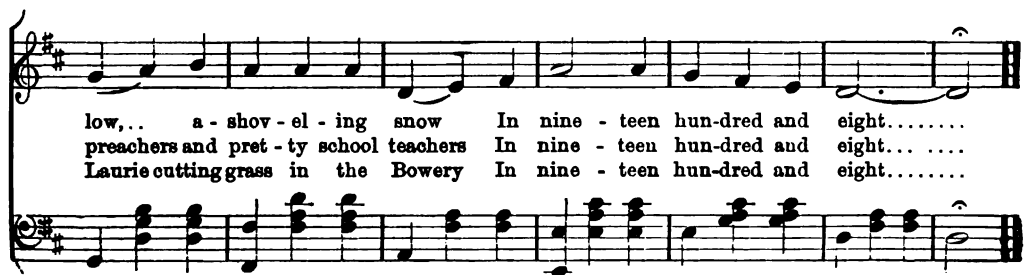
eight..... You can go to the moon in a two-day bal-loon; In
 eight..... Pat-ti, beau-ti-ful sing-er, will work a clothes-wringer; In
 eight..... The... chil-dren at school will learn to play pool; In



nine - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - teen hun-dred and
 nine - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - teen hun-dred and
 nine - teen hun-dred and eight..... In nine - teen hun-dred and



eight..... In a whisper I'll tell you your fate:..... You'll all be be-
 eight..... The.. ush-er won't steal from the plate,..... And we'll have hon-est
 eight..... To the North Pole you.. can skate,..... And you'll find An-nie



low,.. a-shov-el-ing snow In nine - teen hun-dred and eight.....
 preachers and pret-ty school teachers In nine - teen hun-dred and eight.....
 Laurie cutting grass in the Bowery In nine - teen hun-dred and eight.....

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Moderato.

1. Hark! I hear a voice, 'way up on the mount - ain top, tip - top, De -

1st time. *2nd time.*

scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low. - scend - ing down be - low.

Chorus. Let us all u - nite in love, Trust - ing in

Let us all..... u-nite in love, Trusting in..... the pow'r's a-

Let us all u - nite in love,

the pow'r's a-bove, the pow'r's a-bove.

1st. *2nd.* *Allegro.*

bove, Let us - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we roll, we roll, we

the pow'r's a-bove, the pow'r's a-bove.

Andante.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we roll, we roll O'er the deep blue sea.

2 Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Cho.—Let us all, etc.

3 Old Mother Hubbard.
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Cho.—Let us all, etc.

JINGLE BELLS.

*Allegro.**mf*

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white: Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on a bob - tail nag. Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot: He
 sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then

CHORUS. *

fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to - night. Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we - we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

f

way! Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! one-horse o - pen sleigh.

Repeat chorus pp.

* Accompanied by jingling sleigh-bells.

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NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

1. Nut brown maid - en, thou hast a bright blue eye for love,

Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye; A

bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!

Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love.


Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.

2 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip;
 A ruby lip is thine, love!
 The kissing of it's mine, love!
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip.



3 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist;
 A slender waist is thine, love!
 The arm around it's mine, love!
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist.

DRINKING SONG.


(DER MANN IM KELLER.)



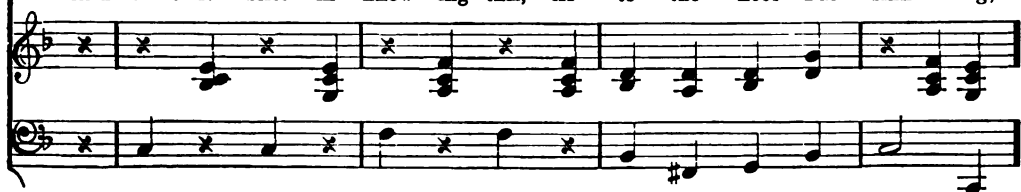
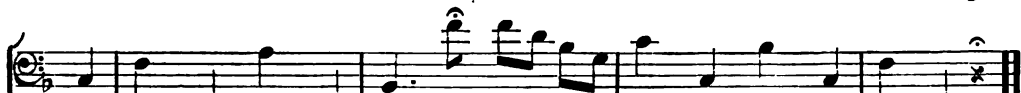
1. How cool and fair this cel - lar where My throne a dusk - y cask is!
 2. Be - grudge me not this oo - sy spot In which I am re - clin - ing—
 3. And yet, I think, the more I drink, It's more and more I pine for—

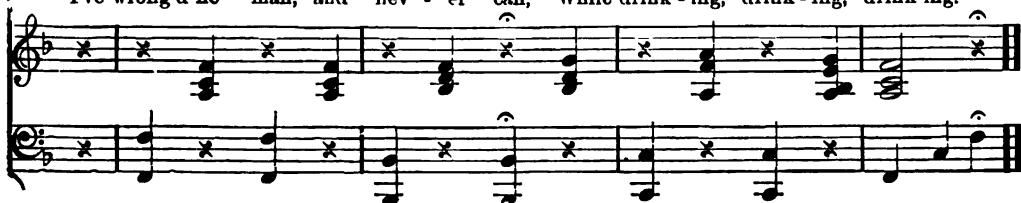
To do no thing but just to sing And drown the time my task is!
 Why, who would burst with en - vious thirst When he can live by wi - ning?
 Oh, such as I (for - ev - er dry!) God made this land of Rhine for.




The coop - er he's re - solved to please, And, answering to my wink - ing,
 A ro - seate hue seems to im - bue The world on which I'm blink - ing;
 And there is bliss in know - ing this, As to the floor I'm sink - ing;

He fills me up, cup af - ter cup For drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.
 My fel - low - men— I love them when I'm drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.
 I've wrong'd no man, and nev - er can, While drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.



BULL DOG.

1. Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, Oh, the

This system contains the first two staves of the song. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, *ritard.*

This system contains the next two staves. The melody continues on the first staff, and the bass line continues on the second staff. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The word "ritard." is written below the second staff, indicating a ritardando.

Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, The

This system contains the next two staves. The melody continues on the first staff, and the bass line continues on the second staff. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

bull dog called the bull frog A green old wa - ter fool.

This system contains the next two staves. The melody continues on the first staff, and the bass line continues on the second staff. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

CHORUS.
Sing-ing tra la la la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la

This system contains the final two staves of the chorus. The melody continues on the first staff, and the bass line continues on the second staff. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The word "CHORUS." is written above the first staff.

la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la

la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la. *Repeat pp*

2 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a-laughing
To see him wag his jaw.

3 Oh, the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland fling,
And singing *opera bouffe*.

4 Says the bull-dog to the cat,
"Oh, what do you think they're at?"
"They're spooning at the dead of night:
But where's the harm of that?"

5 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what will you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a *bottle of ink*."

6 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh, set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-a-tête
With Romeo incog."

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

IL TROVATORE.

AS SUNG BY THE PRINCETON GLEE CLUB.

Air — "*Sweet Evening*."

1 There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch, so the opera doth tell;
She had a young daughter, a gypsy so bold,
Who went to a house where a baby she stole; Singing —

CHORUS. — Il Trovato-re, Il Trovatore,
This is the story of Il Trovatore,
Il Trovatore, Il Trovatore,
This is the story of Il Trovatore.

2 Now when they had burnt up the old gypsy mother,
The daughter comes 'long with her own child and t'other;
When she saw her ma burning, it woke up her ire,
And she flung the stole baby smack into the fire. — CHO.

3 Now when this poor baby was all of a bake,
She found she had thrown in her own, by mistake;
And as she felt sorry for what she had done,
She raised up the other and called him her son. — CHO.

4 Now when he arrived at years of discretion,
He took up with music, all for his profession;
Likewise a young maiden for a sweetheart he got,
And all his affections upon her he sot. — CHO.

5 Now there's a young count comes into the song,
Who loved this young maiden uncommonly strong;
Threw Manrico, her lover, right into the jug,
And kept him as snug as a bug in a rug. — CHO.

6 Now the folks built a fire, 'cause the Count was so sore,
And in it they burnt up the old Trovatore;
Then the gypsy, says she, "Count, I was n't his mother,
And I'm sorry to say you have burnt up your brother." — CHO.

NOAH'S ARK.

1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross !
 2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross !

He built it all of hick - ory bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross !
 And Ja - phet with a big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross !

Chorus.

There's one wide riv - er, and that wide riv - er is Jor - dan,

There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross...

- 3 The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo.
- 4 The animals went in three by three,
The Hippopotamus and the Bumble Bee.
- 5 The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives.
- 6 And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail.

- 7 And as they talked of this and that,
The ark it bumped on Arrarat.
- 8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk.
- 9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee.
- 10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't !

GO 'WAY, OLD MAN.

ESTILL McHENRY.

ESTILL McHENRY. By permission.

SOLO.

1. Oh, I'll build me a lit-tle hut, On the mount-ain so high, To
 2. Oh, her eyes sparkle like a dia-mond, Like a bright morn-ing star, Her
 3. Oh, she do look so sweet, Like a rose on de vine; Lord

gaze on my true-love, As she do pass by.
 cheeks are so lub-by, Her face is so fa'r.
 lub dat lubly la-dy, Dat dwells in my mind. *Chorus. f*
 Go 'way, old man, and

leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, And a long way from home. *Repeat Cho. pp*

4 Oh, supposin' I should go to New Orleans,
 And take sick and die,
 Like flies into de country
 My spirit would fly—Cho.

Oh, come back to your lub,
 When de punkins am in bloom,
 When de hummin' birds am singin'
 In de sweet munt of June.—Cho.

IN OUR LITTLE BARK WE GLIDE.—Trio.

TRIO I.

1. In our lit-tle bark we glide, Gen-tly o-ver the rip-pling tide.
 2. Call me o-ver, call me o-ver, Call me o-ver the riv-er to-night.

TRIO II. (Abr.)

3. In the moonlight let us linger, 'Neath her soft beams let us lin-ger to-night.
 4. Hear those church chimes, Christmas carols, Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong bell.

BAR.

OVER THE BANISTER.

BARTONE SOLO.

1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be - guil - -
 2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full.. of mean - -
 3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing bold - -

ing.
 ing.
 er,
 While be - low her, with ten - der grace, He watch - es the pic - ture
 Gaze on the love - li - est face in town, O - ver the ban - is - ter
 Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a man - tile o - ver his

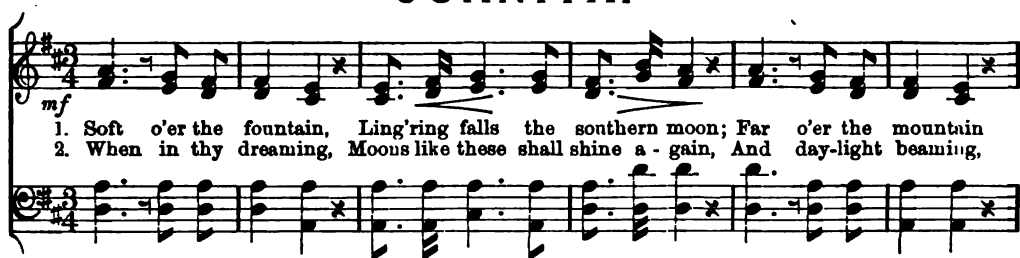
smil - - ing. The light.. burns dim in the hall be - low,
 lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired,.. with down - cast eyes, I
 shoul - - der. There's a ques - tion asked, a swift ca - ress, She has

No - bod - y... sees them stand - - ing; Say - ing good - night a - gain,
 won - der... why she lin - - - gers? Af - - - ter all the good -
 fled like a bird from the stair - - - way, But o - ver the ban - is - ter



soft and low, Half.. way up to the land - - ing.
nights are said, Some - bod - y holds her fin - - gers.
comes a yes, That bright-ens the world.. for him, al - way.

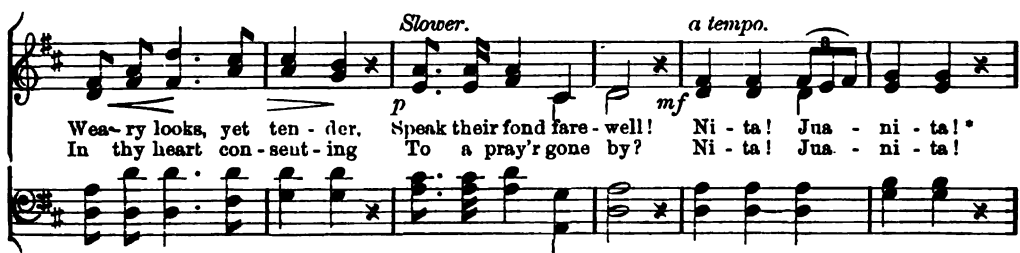
JUANITA.



1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beaming,



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,



Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der. Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul if weshould part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

HUBBARD T. SMITH.

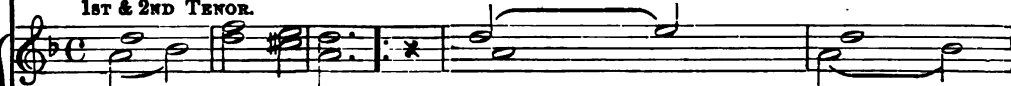
ART. by E. T. CARTER. '88.

BARITONE SOLO.



1. { A lit - tle green peach in an or - chard grew,
Now up at the peach a club they threw,
2. { Then she took a bite, and John a chew,
There un - der the turf where the dai - sies grew,

1ST & 2ND TENOR.

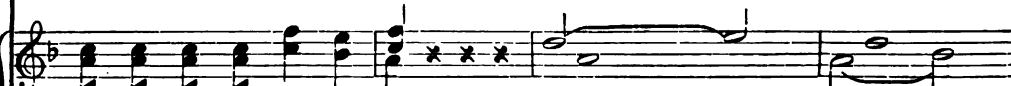


HUMMING ACCOMP.

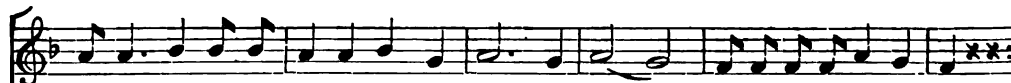
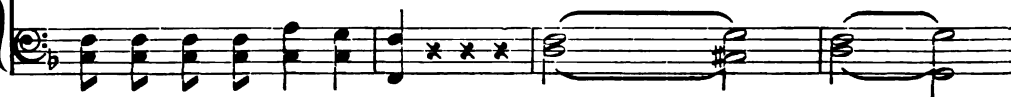
1ST & 2ND BASS.



Lis - ten to my tale of woe, One day this lit - tle peach dawn'd on the view of
 Lis - ten to my tale of woe, Down from the stem on which it grew,
 Lis - ten to my tale of woe, And then the trou - ble be - gan to brew,
 Lis - ten to my tale of woe, They planted John and his sis - ter Sue,



Lis - ten to my tale of woe.



Johnnie Jones and his sis - ter Sue, Them two, them two; Listen to my tale of woe.
 Fell the little peach of emerald hue, Poor John, poor Sue; Listen to my tale of woe.
 A trouble that the doctor couldn't subdue, Too true! Too true! Listen to my tale of woe.
 And their little souls to the angels flew, Boo hoo! Boo hoo! Listen to my tale of woe.



Two, Two, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.
 John, Sue, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.



John, Sue.

CHORUS.
1st Bass.

Hard tri - als for them two, Johnnie Jones and his sis - ter Sue,, And the peach of

1st & 2nd TENOR.

Hard tri - als for them two, John-nie Jones and his sis - ter Sue, And the peach of

2ND BASS.

em-erald hue that grew, that grew, . . . Lis - ten to my tale of woe.

em-erald hue, that grew, that grew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.

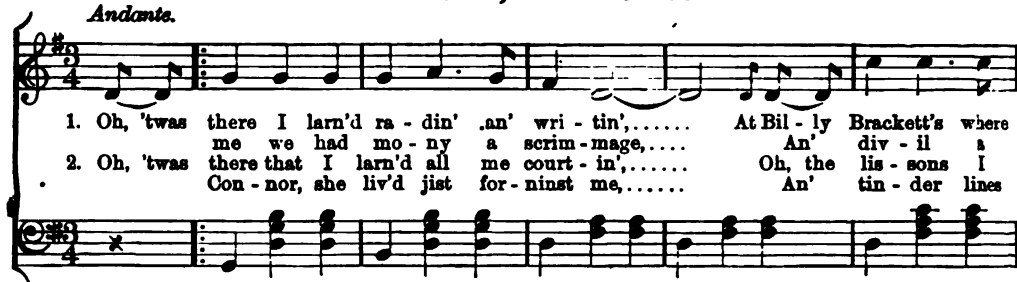
GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

T. H. BAYLY.

1. Gai - ly the Troubadour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was has - ten - ing home from the war;
2. She for the Troubadour hope - less - ly wept: Sad - ly she tho't of him when oth - ers slept;
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breath - ing her name; Un - der the bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came;

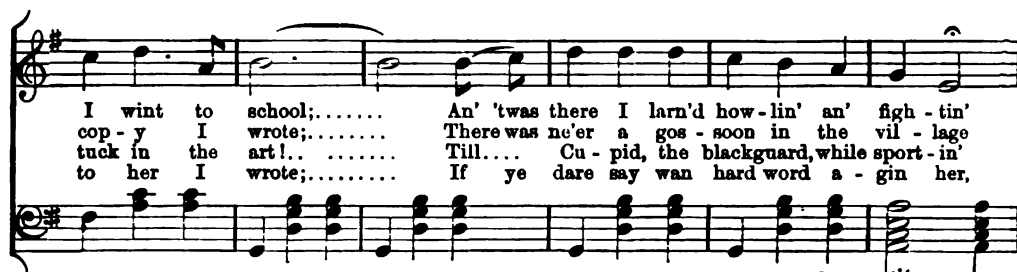
Singing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, welcome me home."
Singing, "In - search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
Singing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, welcome me home."

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante.


1. Oh, 'twas there I larn'd ra-din' an' wri-tin',..... At Bil-ly Brackett's where
me we had mo-ny a scrim-mage,.... An' div-il a

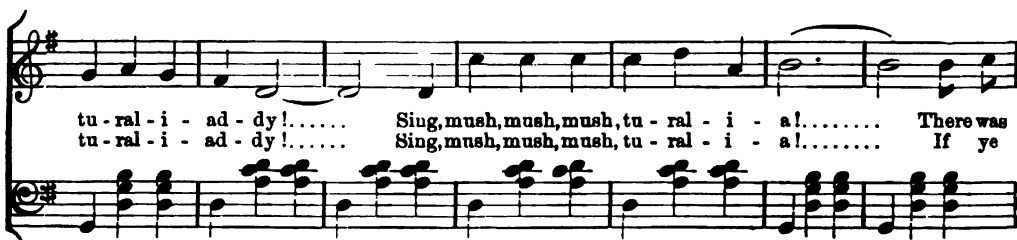
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larn'd all me court-in',..... Oh, the lis-sons I
Con-nor, she liv'd jist for-ninst me,..... An' tin-der lines



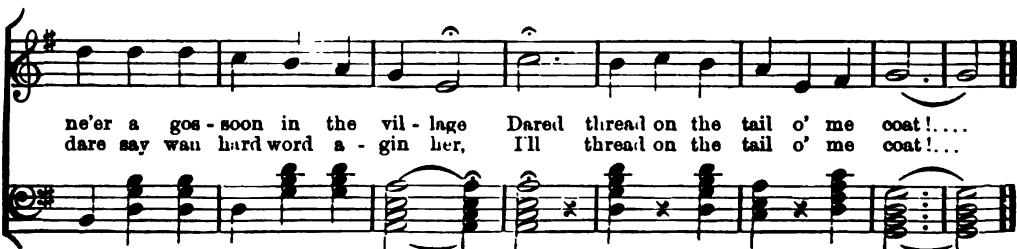
I wint to school;..... An' 'twas there I larn'd how-lin' an' figh-tin'
cop-y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a gos-soon in the vil-lage
tuck in the art!.. Till.... Cu-pid, the blackguard, while sport-in'
to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan hard word a-gin her,

Chorus.


Wid me school-mas-ther, Mis-ter O' - Toole;..... Him an'
Dared... thread on the tail o' me—(Omit.....) Mush, mush, mush,
An..... ar-row thruv straight thro' me heart,..... Miss Judy O'
I'll..... thread on the tail o' yer—(Omit.....) Mush, mush, mush,



tu-ral-i-ad-dy!..... Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu-ral-i-a!..... There was
tu-ral-i-ad-dy!..... Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu-ral-i-a!..... If ye



ne'er a gos-soon in the vil-lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!...
dare say wan hard word a-gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' me coat!...

3 But a blackguard, called Micky Maloney,
 Came an' sthole her affections away;
 Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony,
 So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
 In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
 The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
 An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
 Fur he throd on the tail o' me— *Cho.*

4 Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
 An' folks came a flockin' to see;
 An' they cried out widout hesitation:
 "You're a fightin' man Billy McGee!"
 Oh, I've claned out the Finnegan faction,
 An' I've licked all the Murphys afloat;
 If you're in fur a row or a raction,
 Jist ye thread on the tail o' me— *Cho.*

WHISKEY STILL.

JAMES BARNES, '91.

R. T. TOWNSEND, '90.



1. There's a whis-key still on the top of the hill, And I think as we homeward roll,
2. The... smoke curls high a - gainst the.. sky, And the peat burns bright be - low;
3. There's a maid lives there with a face as... fair As the ros - es on... the hill,
4. When.. we leave there, we.. leave all care, And a - ban - don ev - ery ill;



Twixt you and me we will both a - gree To.. stop and have a bowl.
 From each win - dow bright there comes a light, And a whiff of the I - rish dew.
 And her fig - ure trim, so tall and slim, And her fa - ther keeps the still.
 We'll drink a toast to our ge - nial host, And.. one to the whis - key still.



Chorus.



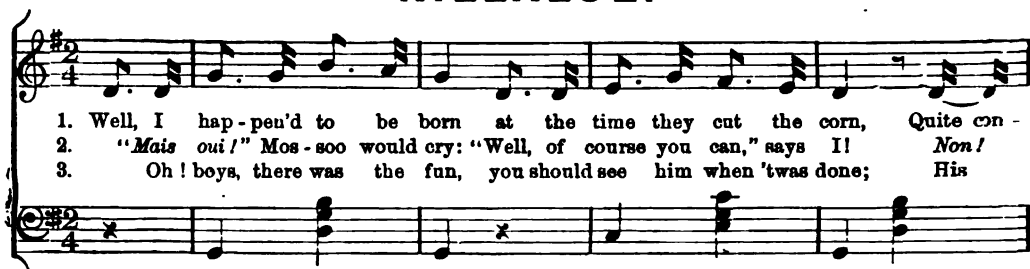
For the in - cense fair it scents the air, And I think twixt you and me,



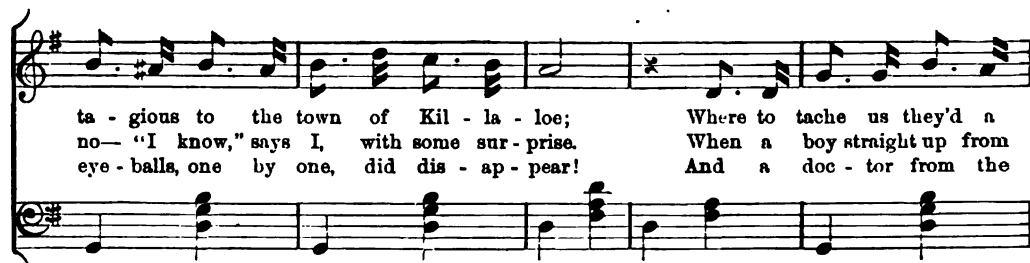
As home we roll, we'll have a bowl Of the real old I - rish 'Skie.



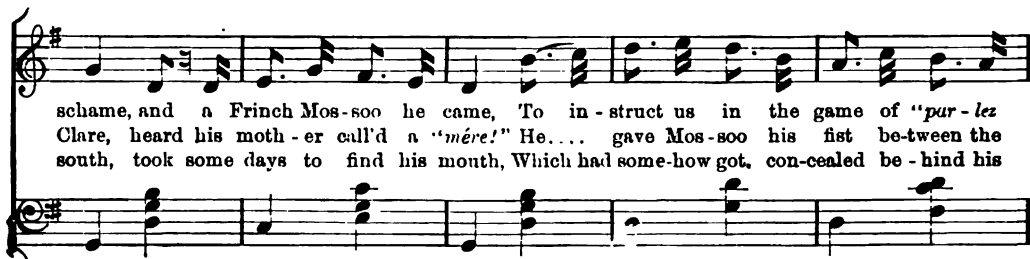
KILLALOE.



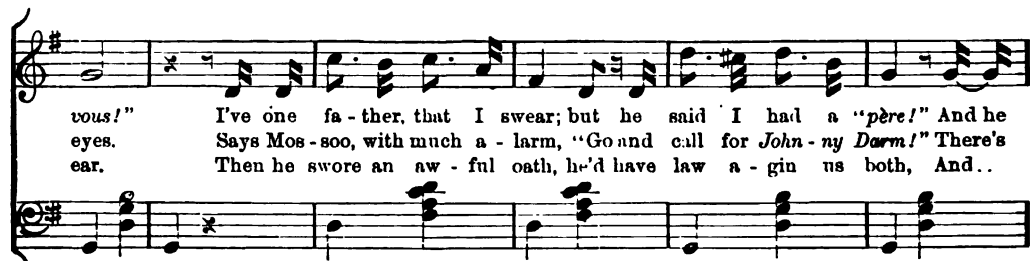
1. Well, I hap-pen'd to be born at the time they cut the corn, Quite con -
 2. "Mais oui!" Mos-soo would cry: "Well, of course you can," says I! Non!
 3. Oh! boys, there was the fun, you should see him when 'twas done; His



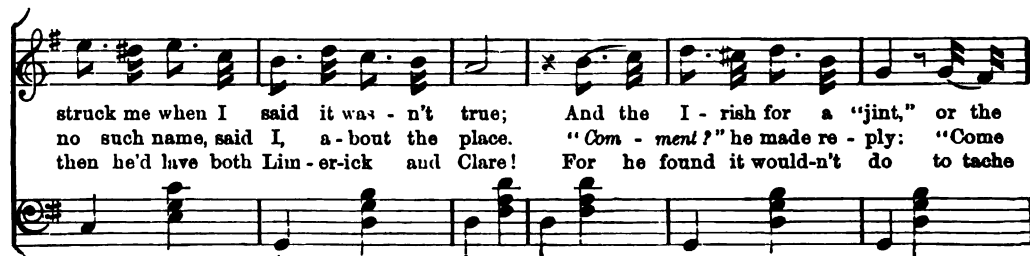
ta - gions to the town of Kil - la - loe; Where to tache us they'd n
 no - "I know," says I, with some sur - prise. When a boy straight up from
 eye - balls, one by one, did dis - ap - pear! And a doc - tor from the



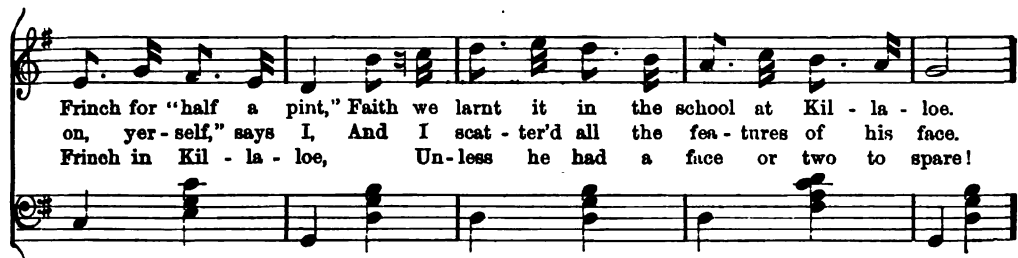
schame, and a Frinch Mos-soo he came, To in - struct us in the game of "par - lez
 Clare, heard his moth - er call'd a "mère!" He... gave Mos-soo his fist be-tween the
 south, took some days to find his mouth, Which had some-how got, con-cealed be -hind his



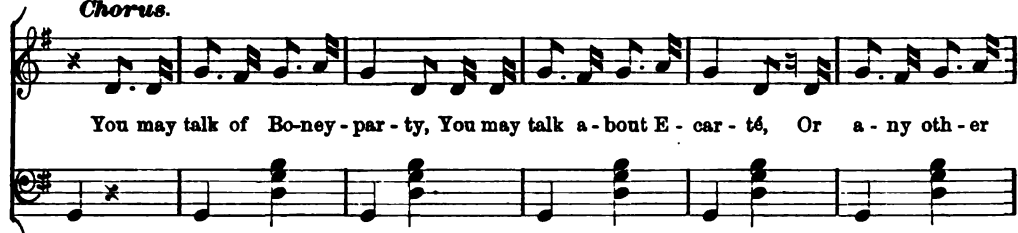
vous!" I've one fa - ther, that I swear; but he said I had a "père!" And he
 eyes. Says Mos-soo, with much a - larm, "Go and call for John - ny Darm!" There's
 ear. Then he swore an aw - ful oath, he'd have law a - gin us both, And...




struck me when I said it was - n't true; And the I - rish for a "jint," or the
 no such name, said I, a - bout the place. "Com - ment!" he made re - ply: "Come
 then he'd have both Lin - er-ick and Clare! For he found it would-n't do to tache



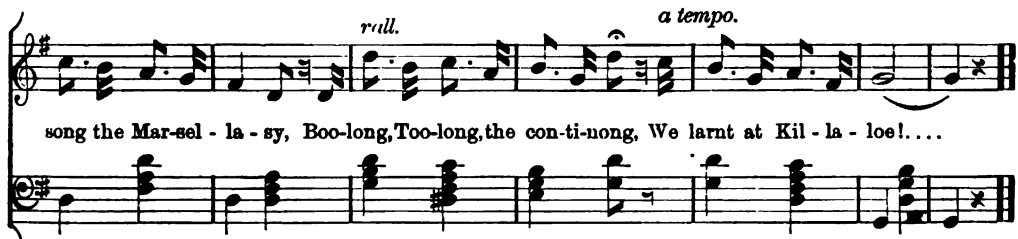
Frinch for "half a pint," Faith we larnt it in the school at Kil - la - loe.
on, yer-self," says I, And I scat - ter'd all the fea - tures of his face.
Frinch in Kil - la - loe, Un-less he had a face or two to spare!

Chorus.


You may talk of Bo-ney-par-ty, You may talk a-bout E - car - té, Or a - ny oth - er



par - ty, And "com-ment vous por - tez vous?" We larnt to sing it ai - sy, That



rall. *a tempo.*
song the Mar-sel - la - sy, Boo-long, Too-long, the con-ti-nong, We larnt at Kil - la - loe!...

4.

5.

To the Magistrate he wint, and a lot of time he spint, If disguises you would try, or would prove an alibi,
Says the Magistrate, "Begorry I'm perplexed! Or alter your appearance just for fun;
For a fellow who, you see, spells whiskey O, D, V, You've just one thing to do, gotache Frinch at Killaloe,
You never know what he'll be up to next." And your mother will not know you for her son.
Thin nothing more was said, Mossoo wint home to bed, Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine,
And mixed no more in Killaloe affairs; But, as I think, you'll aisyly suppose,
And the papers of the place, said the Foreign tacher's Whatever tongue you take, it is mighty hard to spake
face While your ear keeps changing places with your
Was closed for alterations and repairs.—*Cho.* nose.—*Cho.*

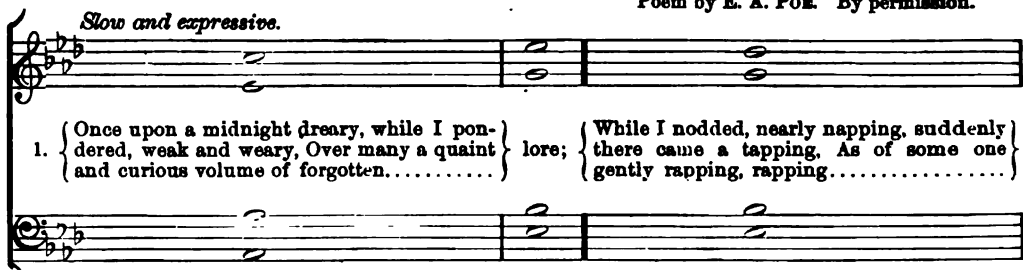
Encore Verse.

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are plased with Killaloe.
And our conduct to the tacher they did send;
But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last,
That's the reason I have left it to the end.
We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear
That to the Irish language we'll be true!
But we all wido one consent, when they ax us for the rent.
Sure we answer them in Frinch in Killaloe!

THE RAVEN.

Poem by E. A. Poe. By permission.

Slow and expressive.



1. { Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten..... } lore; { While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping. As of some one gently rapping, rapping..... }

at my cham-ber door; { "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door; only this....." } and noth - ing more."

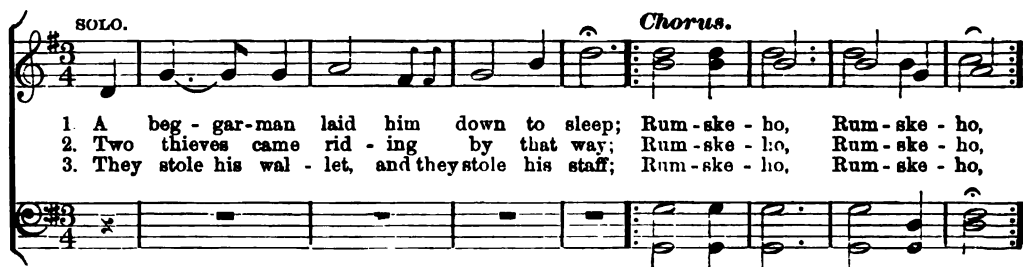
2 Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow,
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore;
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here, for evermore.

7 Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven, of the sainted days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door;
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

18 And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting—still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door:
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more."

RUM-SKE-HO.

SOLO. *Chorus.*



1 A beg - gar-man laid him down to sleep; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho,
2 Two thieves came rid - ing by that way; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho,
3. They stole his wal - let, and they stole his staff; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho,

A beg - gar - man laid him down to sleep, By the banks of the
Two thieves came rid - ing by that way, And they came to the
They stole his wal - let, and they stole his staff, And... then set...

stringendo. *a tempo.*

Mer - sey, dark and deep; Rum - ske - ho..... Rum - ske - ho.
place where the beg-gar-man lay; Rum - ske - ho..... Rum - ske - ho.
up a great hoarse laugh; Rum - ske - ho..... Rum - ske - ho.

4 As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
||: Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho, :||
As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
I heard those two thieves saying their prayers,
Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.

5 As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
||: Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho, :||
As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
I saw those two thieves hanging there still,
Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.

GOOD-NIGHT.

f Sostenuto.

1. Good - night,	la - dies!....	good - night,	la - dies!....	Good - night,
2. Fare - well,	la - dies!....	fare - well,	la - dies!....	Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams,	la - dies!....	sweet dreams,	la - dies!....	Sweet dreams,

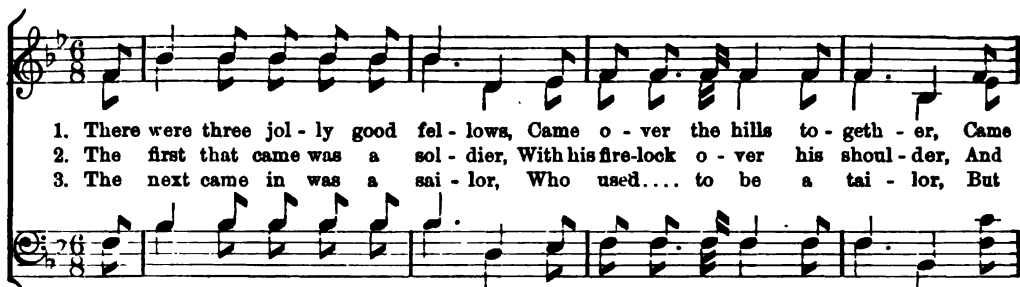
Allegro.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long.

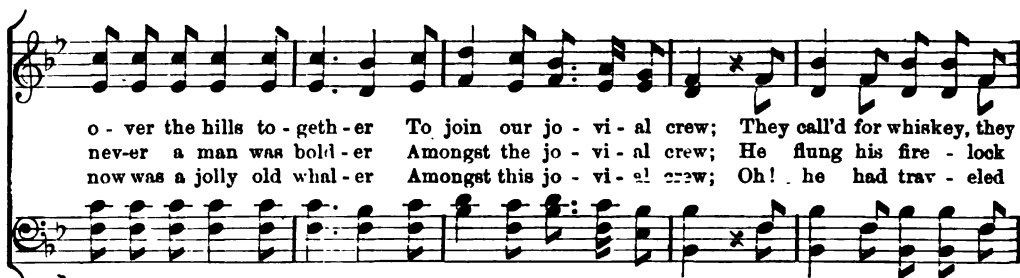
Repeat. pp

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

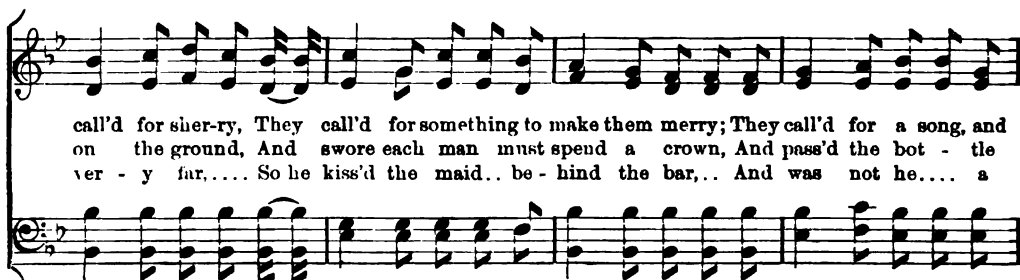
WHEN JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.



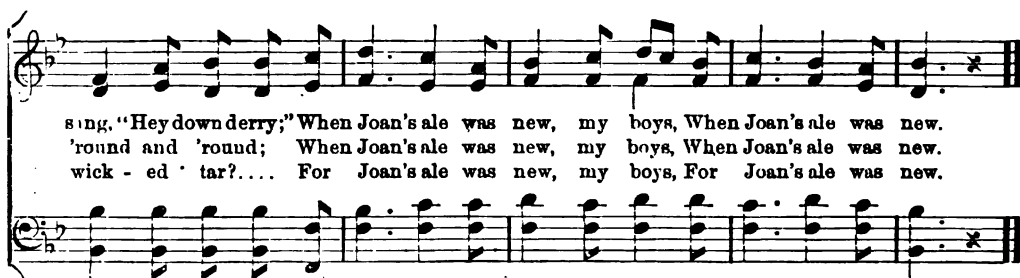
1. There were three jol - ly good fel - lows, Came o - ver the hills to - geth - er, Came
 2. The first that came was a sol - dier, With his fire-lock o - ver his shoul - der, And
 3. The next came in was a sai - lor, Who used.... to be a tai - lor, But



o - ver the hills to - geth - er To join our jo - vi - al crew; They call'd for whiskey, they
 nev - er a man was bold - er Amongst the jo - vi - al crew; He flung his fire - lock
 now was a jolly old whal - er Amongst this jo - vi - al crew; Oh! he had trav - eled



call'd for sher - ry, They call'd for something to make them merry; They call'd for a song, and
 on the ground, And swore each man must spend a crown, And pass'd the bot - tle
 ver - y far.... So he kiss'd the maid... be - hind the bar... And was not he.... a



sing, "Hey down derry," When Joan's ale was new, my boys, When Joan's ale was new.
 'round and 'round; When Joan's ale was new, my boys, When Joan's ale was new.
 wick - ed tar?... For Joan's ale was new, my boys, For Joan's ale was new.

4 The next came in was a dyer,
 And sat himself down by the fire,
 And no man ever was dryer
 Amongst the jovial crew;
 The landlord told him to his face,
 The chimney-corner was his place,
 Where he might sit and roast his face;
 For Joan's ale was new, my boys,
 For Joan's ale was new.

5 The last man came was a rag-man,
 With his rag-bag over his shoulder,
 And he had roamed the world over
 To find our jovial crew;
 They burned his rag-bag all to ashes,
 They then got drunk, as drunk as Jack-asses,
 And all were arrested, and whipped with lashes;
 When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
 When Joan's ale was new.

DULCE DOMUM.

1. Con - ci - na - mus O So - da - les, E - ja! quid si - le - mus
 2. Ap - pro - quin - quat ec - cel fe - lix Ho - ra gau - di - o - rum:

No - bi - le can - ti - cum Dol - ce me - los Do - mum Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - mus.
 Post gra - ve tæ - di - um Ad - ve - nit om - ni - um Me - ta pe - ti - ta la - bo - rum.

CHORUS.

Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - mum, Do - mum, Dol - ce Do - mum,

Dul - ce, Dul - ce, Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, re - so - ne - mus.

8 Musa! liberos mitte, fessa;
 Mitte pensa dura;
 Mitte negotium,
 Jam datur otium;
 Me mea mittito cura.

4 Ridet annus, prata rident;
 Nosque rideamus,
 Jam repetit Domum,
 Daulias advena,
 Nosque Domum repitamus.

5 Heus! Rogere! per caballos:
 Eja! nunc eamus;
 Limen amabile,
 Matris et oscula,
 Suaviter et repetamus.

6 Concinamus ad Penates;
 Vox et audiat:
 Phosphore! quid jubar,
 Segnius emicanus,
 Gaudia nostra moratur?

LATHERY.

Vivace.

1. Oh! does the Freshman smoke, Oh! does the Fresh-man smoke, Oh! does the lath - ery

Fresh - man smoke, ca, ca, lath - ery smoke? Oh! does the Fresh-man smoke?

2. Oh, no, it makes him sick, etc.
3. What cometh there from the hills? etc.
4. There cometh a tutor grim, etc.
5. What bringeth he in his hand? etc.
6. He bringeth a condition, etc.

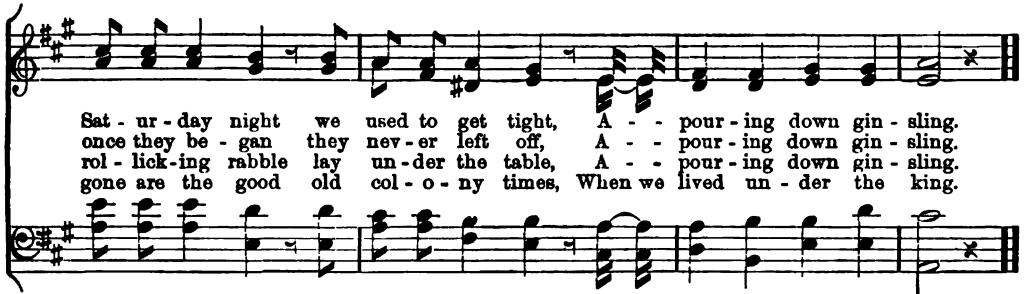
GIN-SLING.

1. In good old col - o - ny times, When we lived un - der the... king,
 2. And Senior and Junior, and Soph, And Fresh-man, and Tu - tor, and Prof,
 3. And Mad-i-son used... to roar, And... With-er-spoon used to... sing,
 4. But times are changed since then, And life's a dif - fer - ent thing,

Each Sat - ur - day night we used to get tight, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling,
 When once they be - gan they nev - er left off, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling,
 While the rol - lick - ing rabble lay un - der the table, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling,
 And gone are the good old col - o - ny times, When we lived un - der the king,



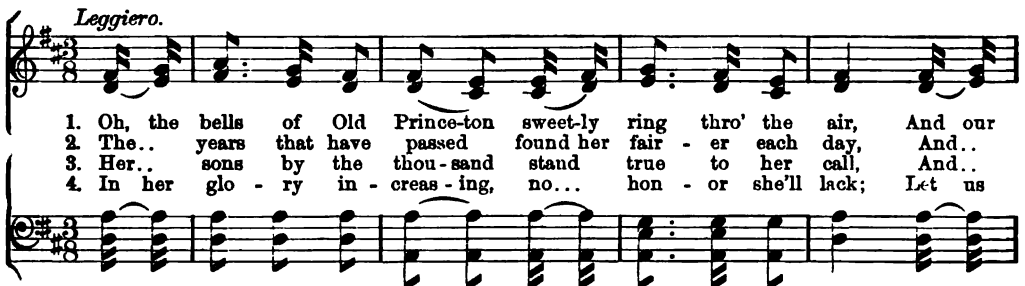
A - - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling; Each
 A - - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling; When
 A - - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling; While the
 When we lived un - der the king, When we lived un - der the king; And



Sat - ur - day night we used to get tight, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling.
 once they be - gan they nev - er left off, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling.
 rol - lick - ing rabble lay un - der the table, A - - pour - ing down gin - sling.
 gone are the good old col - o - ny times, When we lived un - der the king.

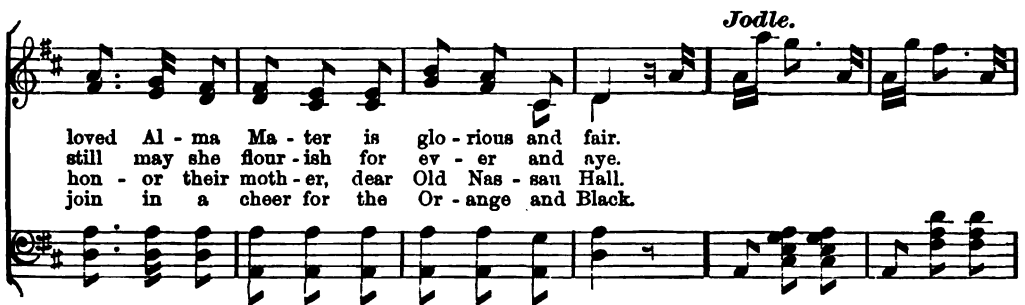
THE BELLS OF OLD PRINCETON.

Leggiero.



1. Oh, the bells of Old Prince-ton sweet-ly ring thro' the air, And our
 2. The.. years that have passed found her fair - er each day, And..
 3. Her.. sons by the thou-sand stand true to her call, And..
 4. In her glo - ry in - creas - ing, no... hon - or she'll lack; Let us

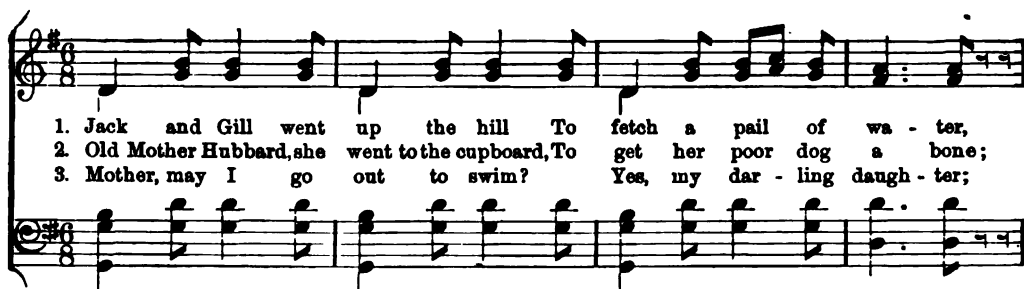
Jodle.



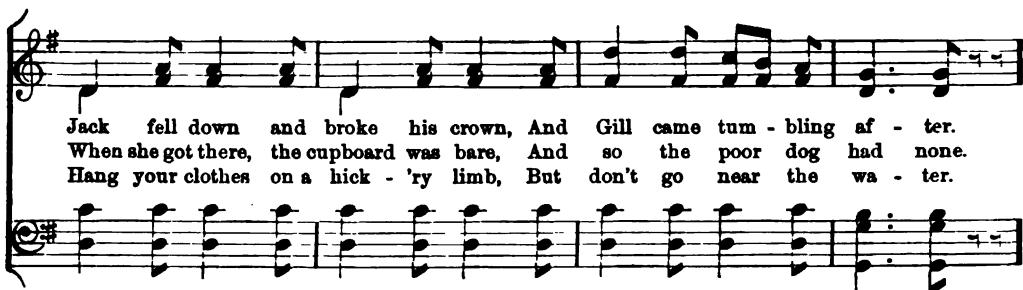
loved Al - ma Ma - ter is glo - rious and fair.
 still may she flour - ish for ev - er and aye.
 hon - or their moth - er, dear Old Nas - sau Hall.
 join in a cheer for the Or - ange and Black.



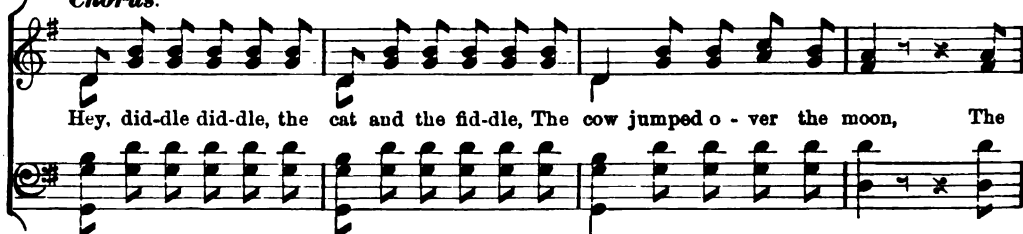
JACK AND GILL.



1. Jack and Gill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter,
 2. Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone;
 3. Mother, may I go out to swim? Yes, my dar - ling daugh - ter;



Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tum - bling af - ter.
 When she got there, the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none.
 Hang your clothes on a hick - 'ry limb, But don't go near the wa - ter.

Chorus.


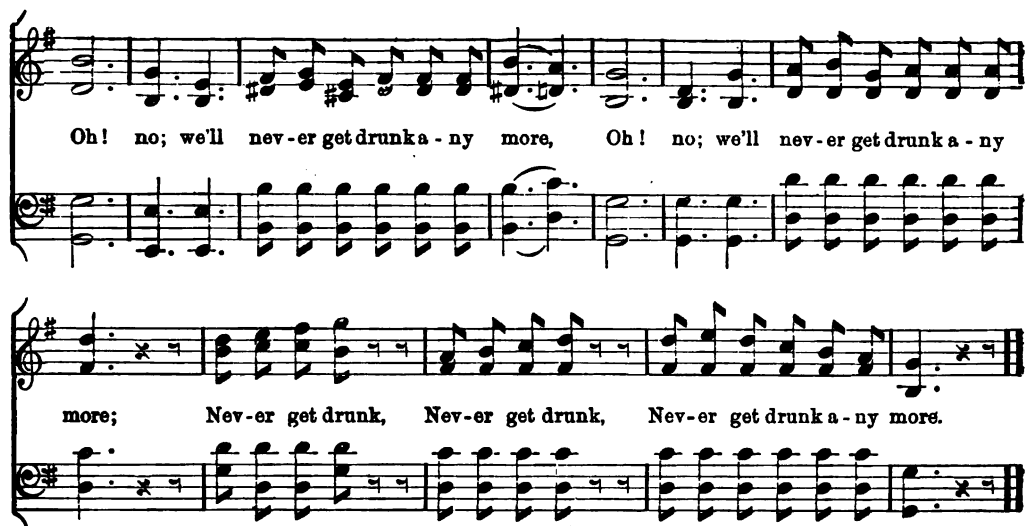
Hey, did-dle did-dle, the cat and the fid-dle, The cow jumped o - ver the moon, The



lit-tle dog laugh'd, to see the sport, And the dish ran a-way with the spoon, spoon, spoon, And the

Chorus.


dish ran a-way with the— Oh! no; we'll nev - er get drunk a - ny more,

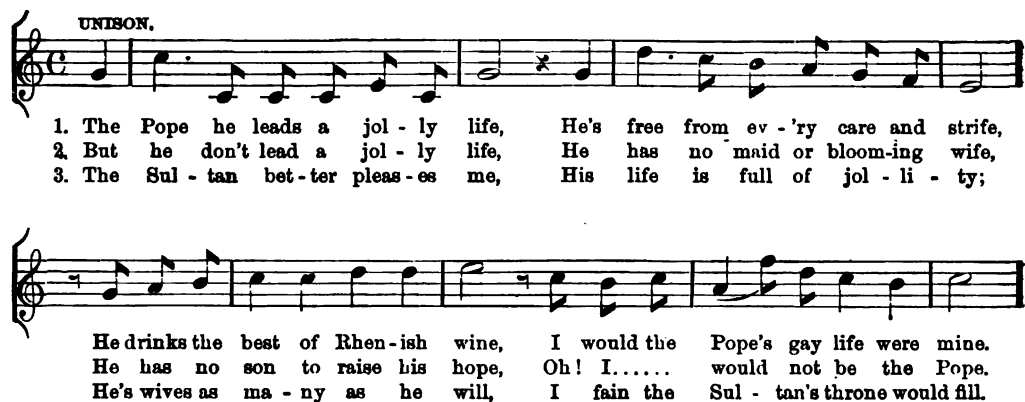


Oh! no; we'll nev-er get drunka - ny more, Oh! no; we'll nev-er get drunk a - ny more;

Nev-er get drunk, Nev-er get drunk, Nev-er get drunk a - ny more.

THE POPE.

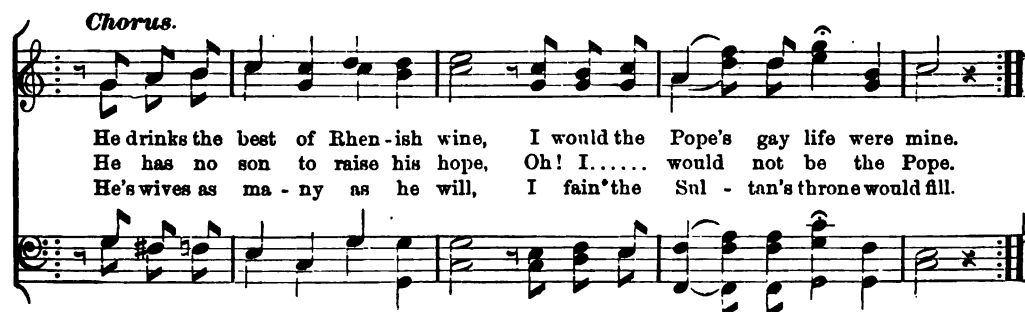
UNISON.



1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, He's free from ev - 'ry care and strife,
 2. But he don't lead a jol - ly life, He has no maid or bloom-ing wife,
 3. The Sul - tan bet - ter pleas - es me, His life is full of jol - li - ty;

He drinks the best of Rhen-ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
 He has no son to raise his hope, Oh! I..... would not be the Pope.
 He's wives as ma - ny as he will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill.

Chorus.

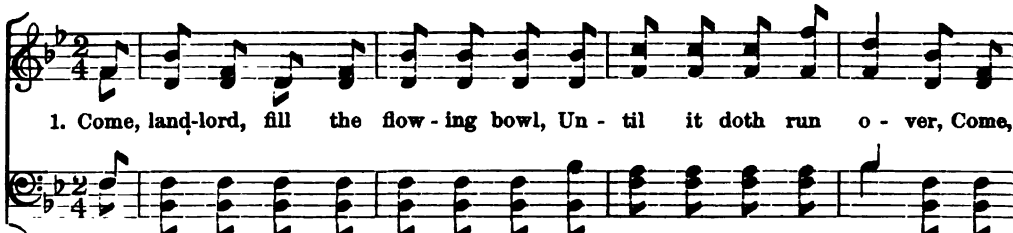


He drinks the best of Rhen-ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
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 He's wives as ma - ny as he will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill.

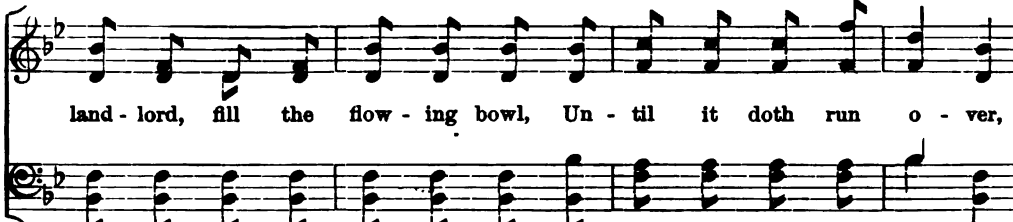
4 But still he is a wretched man,
 He must obey the Al-Koran;
 He dare not drink one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine. :||

5 So when the maiden kisses me
 I'll think that I the Sultan be;
 And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
 Oh! then I'll think that I'm the Pope. :||

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

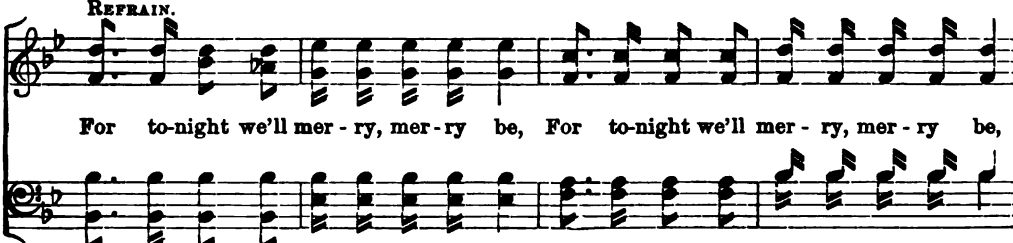


1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,



land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,

REFRAIN.



For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,



For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

2 The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

3 The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,—
Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

5 Pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Vivace.

1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we as green as grass;

Now as grave and rev - e - rend Sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.

CHORUS.

Co - ca - che-lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che-lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,

Co - ca - che-lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che-lunk - che - lay.

2 We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that held us —
We must cut our sticks and slide.
CHO.—Cocachelunk, etc.

3 Some will go to Greece or Trenton,
Some to Rahway, some to Rome:

Some to Greenland's icy mountains —
More, perhaps, will stay at home.
CHO.—Cocachelunk, etc.

4 When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included —
Won't we be an uproarious class?
CHO.—Cocachelunk, etc.

COME RALLY TO-NIGHT.

1. Come ral - ly to - night, boys, for Prince-ton all hail! Her fame is her
 2. All hail to the friend-ship that binds us in one; Our hearts warm, and

glo - ry, our love can - not fail; What - ev - er be - tide her we're
 glow as the hap - py years run: Let sor - row's cloud gath - er, we'll

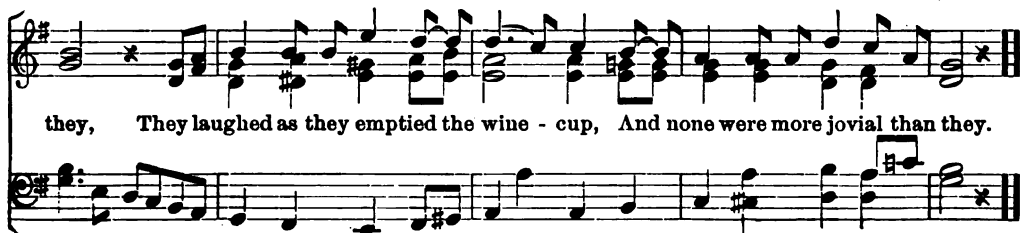
loy - al and sure, We'll war - ble her prais - es while life shall en - dure.
 laugh as it low - ers, Light-heart-ed and gay as this war - ble of ours.

Jodle.

La, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

FIDUCIT.



- 2 Oft sat they carelessly drinking,
 So merry, so gay, and so free,
 Nor wearied their brains with thinking
 Of the world and its misery.
- 3 But death touched one of their number,
 And another followed him soon,
 And the third sat sad and deserted
 In the silent and desolate room.
- 4 And at the accustomed hour
 Of their former feast and song,
 He filled up three sparkling glasses,
 And sang with a voice firm and strong.
- 5 But while at the table sitting,
 As he sang with a voice sweet and clear,
 In the wine of his bright crystal goblet
 There fell yet a brighter tear.
- 6 "I drink to ye both, my brothers,
 Why sit ye so dumb and still,
 There's naught in the world worth enjoying,
 If no one will drink his fill."
- 7 Then clanged the three glasses together,
 And they empty before him remained;
 "Fiducit! thou most gallant brother!"
 'Twas the last drop that ever he drained.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Words and Music by G. W. HUNT.

Tempo di valse. mf

1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Bil-lings-gate, To
2. First he wrig - gled, then he strig-gled, In the wa - ter so bri - ny - o, He
3. His ghost walked that ni - i - ight, To the bed-side of his Ma - ry Jane; He

mf

The piano accompaniment for the first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a series of chords and single notes, while the bass staff provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

catch the mild po - gy And the shy mack-er - el. But when he ar-rove off
bel-lowed and he yel - lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gently
told her how dead he was, "Then," says she, "I'll go mad!" "For since my dov-ey is so

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the musical theme, with the treble staff playing chords and the bass staff providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Pim - li - co, The storm-y wind, it did be - gin to blow, And his
gli - i - ide, To the bot-tom of the sil - v'ry ti - i - ide, But
dead," says she, "All jo - o - oy from me has fled," says she, I "ll

The piano accompaniment for the third system concludes the piece, with the treble staff playing chords and the bass staff providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Chant ad lib.



lit - tle boat, it wib - ble wob - ble so, That slick o - ver-board he fell. *Spoken.* All a - mong the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kippered Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the Blackbait, and the Tittlebats, and the Brickbats, and the Mullibobs, and the Pum - my-jobs, singing:

pre - vi - ous-ly to that he cri - i - ied, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!" *Spoken.* When he came to the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he simply took a cough-lozenge, and murmured:

go a rav - ing lun - i - ac!" says she, And she went star - ing mad. *Spoken.* She thereupon tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can-Can" on the top of the water-butt, and joined the Woman's Rights Association, and frequently edifies the angelic members thereof by softly chanting a song of plaintive memory, viz:



CHORUS.

f



Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, That's the high - ly in - ter - est - ing
Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, That's the re - frain of the gen - tle
Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, That's the kind of soul in - spir - ing



D. C.



song he sung: Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!
song he sung: Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Said the bold Fish - er - man!
song she sung: Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!

D. C.



MARY'S LAMB.



Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, his fleece was white as snow, And

ev - ery - where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went

Ev - ery - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

Lean - ing on the lamb, Baa! baa! Lean - ing on the lamb, Baa! baa! Oh!

a'n't I glad to get out of the wil - derness, out of the wii - derness, out of the wil - derness,

A'n't I glad to get out of the wil - der - ness, Down in Al - a - bam.

Rip! Slap! Set him up a - gain, and a bum jing jing, and a bum jing jing,

Rip! Slap! Set him up a - gain, and a bum jing jing, I - O!

I - O! I - O! and a bum jing jing, and a bum jing jing, I -

O! I - O! and a bum jing jing, I - O! Bow wow wow! the Zu - li - ing,

Sit - ting on a Pu - li - ing, Grasshop - per a - whis - tle - i - ing, God save the Ke - i - ing!

MARY'S LITTLE WISE MAN.

E. T. CARTER. '88.

pp mp cresc. f

Ba, Ba, Ba, . . . Ba, Ba, Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba

Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba,

1. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, And he was wondrous wise, And ev - 'ry-where that
2. There was a man in our town, His fleece was white as snow: When he jump'd into a

Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba

ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba . . . ba ba ba Ba

Ma - ry went, He scratch'd out both his eyes, And ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, He
bramble bush, The lamb was sure to go, When he jump'd into a bramble bush, The

molto rit.

ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba . . . ba ba la Ba

ba ba ba ba ba.

Last time.

scratch'd out both his eyes. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, with a
lamb was sure to go. When he jump'd into a bram-ble bush, with a

f ff sf>

ba ba ba ba ba Ba! Ba! Ba!

3 He followed her to school one day, :||
With all his might and main,
It made the children laugh and play,
To scratch them in again.

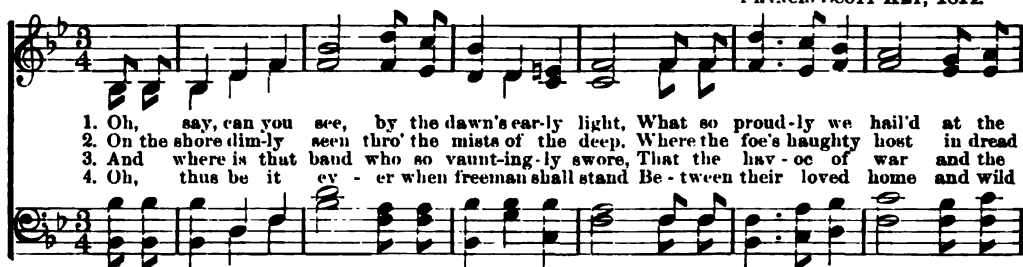
4 And when he saw his eyes were out,
Which was against the rule,
||: He jumped into another bush, :||
To see the lamb at school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out
His wife could eat no lean,
||: And waited patiently about, :||
And licked the platter clean.

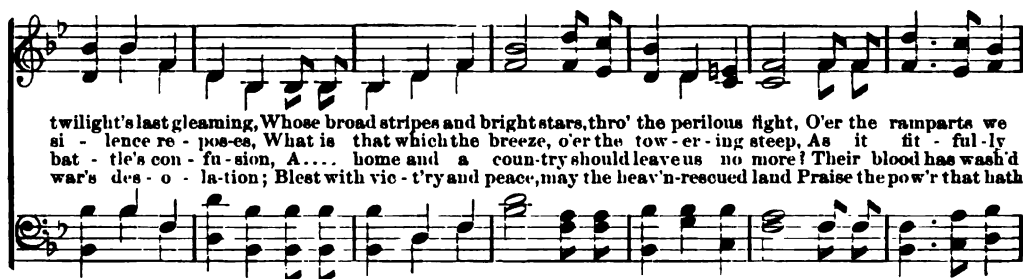
6 What makes the lamb love Mary so?
For he himself had said it,
||: 'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know, :||
And it's greatly to his credit.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

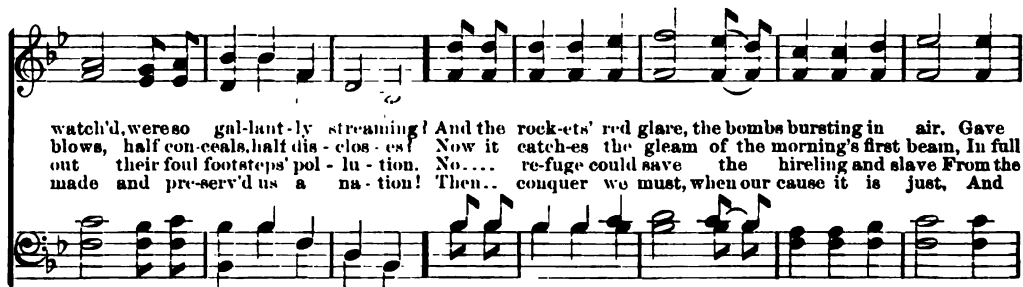
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it cy - er when freeman shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



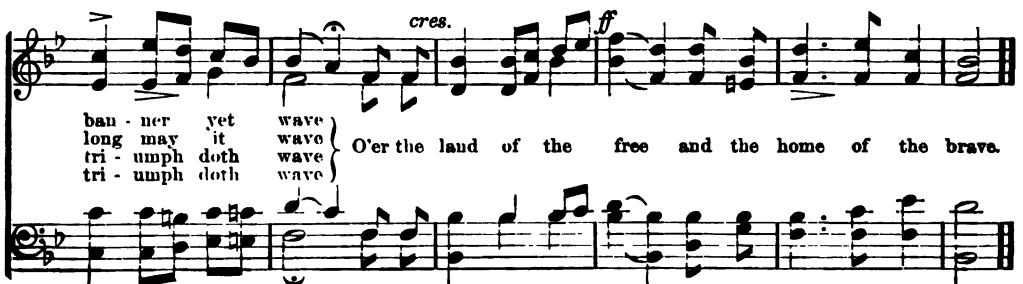
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
 si - lence re - poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit - ful-ly
 bat - tle's con - fu-sion, A.... home and a coun-try should leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd
 war's des-o - la-tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that bath



watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing! And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
 blows, half con-ceals, half dis-closes! Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
 out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No.... re-fuge could save the hireling and slave From the
 made and pre-serv'd us a na-tion! Then... conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And



Chorus. f
 proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh.... say, does that star-span-gled
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
 this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



cres. ff
 ban-ner yet wave }
 long may it wave } O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 tri-umph doth wave }
 tri-umph doth wave }

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

CARL WILHELM.



1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner-hail, wie Schwertge-klirr und Wo - gen-prall: zum
 2. Durch Hun-dert-tau-send zuckt es schnell, und Al - ler Au - gen bli - tzen hell: der
 3. Er blickt hin-auf in Him-mels-au'n, da Hel-den - vä - ter nie-der-schau'n, und
 4. So lang' ein Tro-pfen Blut noch glüht, noch ei - ne Faust den De - gen zieht, und
 5. Der Schwur er-schallt, die Wo - ge rinnt, die Fah-nen flat-tern hoch im Wind: am



- Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deut-schen Rhein! wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein!
 Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, be - schützt die heil' - ge Lan - des - Mark.
 schwört mit stol - zer Kam - pfes - lust: "Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie mei - ne Brust!"
 noch ein Arm die Büch - se spannt, be - tritt kein Feind hier dei - nen Strand!
 Rhein, am Rhein, am deut - schen Rhein, wir Al - le wol - len Hü - ter sein!



- 1-5. Lieb Va - ter-land, magst ru-hig sein, lieb Va - ter-land, magst ru - hig sein: fest steht und



- 1-5. treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!



LA MARSEILLAISE.

f

1. Al-lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé

mf *p*

Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e, L'é - ten - dard sanglant est le - vé,

f

L'é - ten - dard sanglant est le - vé, En - ten - dez vous, dans les cam - pag - nes,

mf

Mu - gir - ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras, E - gor -

Chorus. *f*

ger nos fils: nos compag - nes! Aux ar - mes, ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba - tail -

lons: Mar - chons, mar - chons, qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons.

lons: Mar-chons, mar-chons,

2 Que veut cette horde d'esclaves
Contre nous en vain conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtems préparés?
Français pour nous, ah quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exiter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!—Cho.

3 Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis;
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre:
Sils tombent nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.—Cho.

4 Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduits, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirans
Voyent ton triomphe et notre gloire.—Cho.

5 Que l'amitié que la patrie,
Fassent l'objet de tous nos vœux;
Ayons toujours l'ame remplie
Des feux qu'ils inspirent tous deux.
Soyons unis, tout est possible,
Nos vils ennemis tomberont;
Alors les Français cesseront
De chanter ce refrain terrible.—Cho.

NELLY BLY.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! bring de broom a - long, We'll sweep de kitch - en
2. Nel - ly Bly hab a voice like de tur - tle dove, I hears it in de
3. Nel - ly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep, When she wak - ens
4. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! neb - ber, neb - ber sigh, Neb - ber bring de

clean, my dear, and hab a lit - tle song. Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, and
mead-ow, and I hears it in de grove: Nel - ly Bly... hab a heart
up a - gain her eye-balls 'gin to peep; De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and
tear-drop to de cor - ner ob your eye, For de pie is made of pun-kins and de

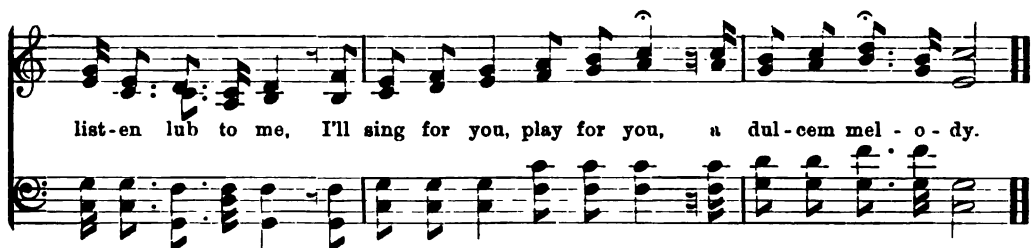
make de fire.... burn, And while I take de ban - jo down, just gib de mush a turn.
Warm as cup ob tea, And big - ger dan desweet po - ta - toe Down in Ten - nes - see.
den she brings it down, And when it 'lights der's mu - sic dah in dat part ob de town.
mush is made ob corn, And der's corn and pun-kins plen - ty lub a - ly - in' in de barn.

Chorus.


Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, list - en lub to me, I'll sing for you,



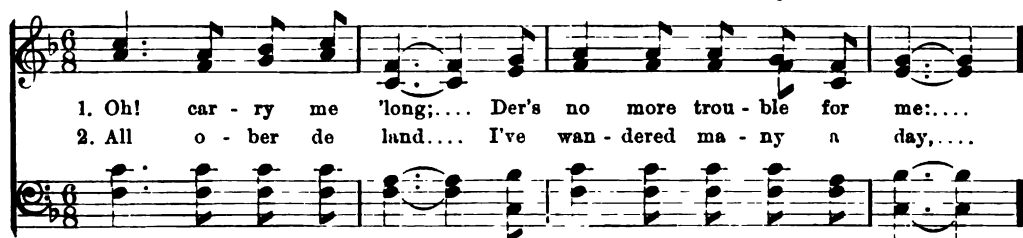
play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy. Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly,



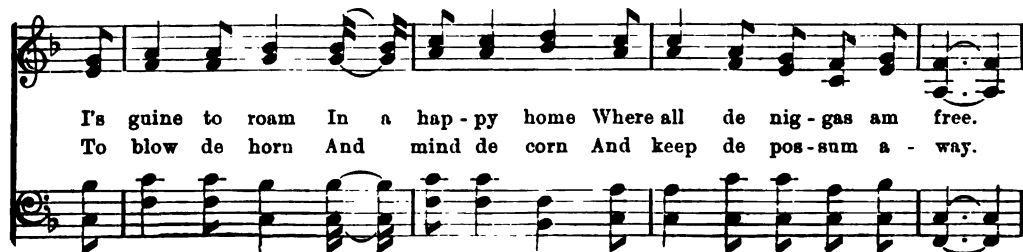
list - en lub to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

OH! BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



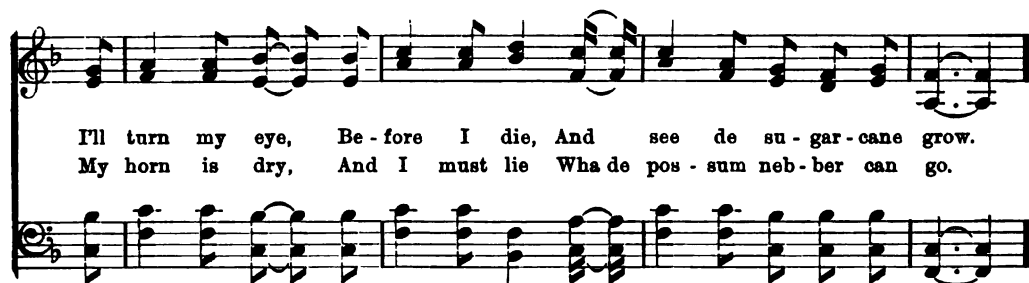
1. Oh! car - ry me 'long;... Der's no more trou - ble for me:....
2. All o - ber de land.... I've wan - dered ma - ny a day,....



I's guine to roam In a hap - py home Where all de nig - gas am free.
To blow de horn And mind de corn And keep de pos - sum a - way.



I've worked long in de fields; I've han - dled ma - ny a hoe:
No use for me now— So, dark - eyes, bu - ry me low:

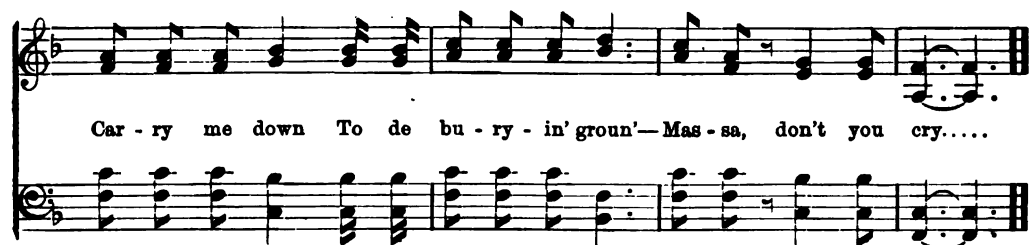


I'll turn my eye, Be - fore I die, And see de su - gar - cane grow.
My horn is dry, And I must lie Wha de pos - sum neb - ber can go.

Chorus.



Oh! boys, car - ry me long; Car - ry me till I die—...



Car - ry me down To de bu - ry - in' groun'—Mas - sa, don't you cry....

3 Farewell to de boys
Wid hearts so happy and light,
Dey sing a song
De whole day long,
And dance de jubba at night.
Farewell to the fields
Ob cotton, 'bacco, and all:
I's guine to hoe
In a bressed row
Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.
Cho.—Oh! boys, &c.

4 Farewell to de hills,
De meadows covered with green,
Old brindle Boss
And de old grey hoss,
All beaten, broken and lean.
Farewell to de dog
Dat always followed me round;
Old Sancho'll wail
And droop his tail
When I am under the ground.
Cno.—Oh! boys, &c.

UNCLE NED.

Written and Composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Dere was an old Nig - ga, dey call'd him un - cle Ned— He's dead long a -

go, long a - go! He had no wool on de top ob his head— De

place whar de wool ought to grow. Den lay down de shub-ble and de hoe.....

Chorus.

Hang up de fid - dle and de bow; No more hard work for

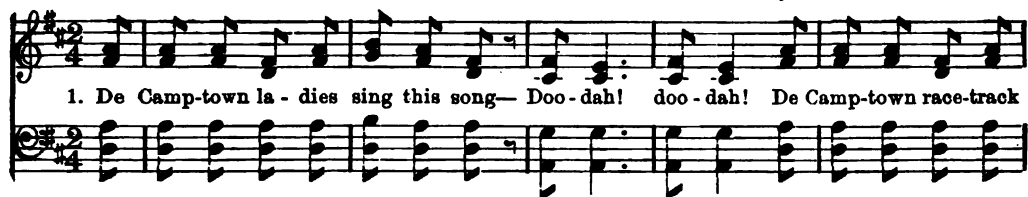
poor old Ned— He's gone whar de good Nig - gas go.

2 His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,
 He had no eyes for to see;
 He had no teeth for to eat de corn-cake,
 So he had to let de corn-cake be.
 Den lay down de shubble and de hoe.—Cho.

3 When Old Ned die Massa take it mighty bad,
 De tears run down like de rain;
 Old Missus turn pale, and she gets berry sad
 Cayse she nebber see Old Ned again.
 Den lay down de shubble and de hoe.—Cho.

CAMPTOWN RACES.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



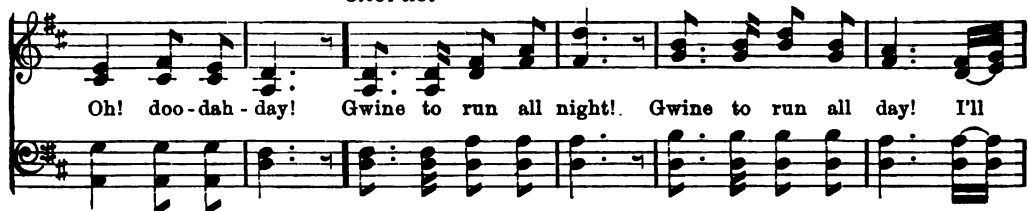
1. De Camp-town la - dies sing this song— Doo-dah! doo - dah! De Camp-town race-track



five miles long— Oh! doo - dah - day! I come down dah wid my hat caved in—



Doo - dah! doo - dah! I go back home wid a pock - et full of tin—

Chorus.


Oh! doo - dah - day! Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll



bet my mon - ey on de bob - tail nag— Some - bod - y bet on de bay.

- 2 De long tail filly and de big black hoss—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Dey fly de track and dey both cut across—Oh! doo-dah-day!
 De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole—Oh! doo-dah-day!—Cho.
- 3 Old muley cow come on to de track—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 De bob-tail fling her ober his back—Oh! doo-dah-day!
 Den fly along like a rail-road car—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star—Oh! doo-dah-day!—Cho.
- 4 See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Round de race track, den repeat—Oh! doo-dah-day!
 I win my money on de bob-tail nag—Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 I keep my money in an old tow-bag—Oh! doo-dah-day!—Cho.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures and count its ma - ny tears While we
2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic light and gay, There are

all sup sor - row with the poor: There's a song that will lin - ger for -
frail forms faint - ing at the door: Though their voic - es are si - lent, their

Chorus.
ev - er in our ears: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more. 'Tis the
plead - ing looks will say— Oh! Haad Times, come a - gain no more.

song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, hard times, come a - gain no more: Ma - ny

days you have lin - gered a - round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

- 3 There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day—
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.—CHO.
- 4 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,—
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.—CHO.

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Written and Composed STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. { Way down up - on de Swa - née rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. }
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }

Chorus.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam;

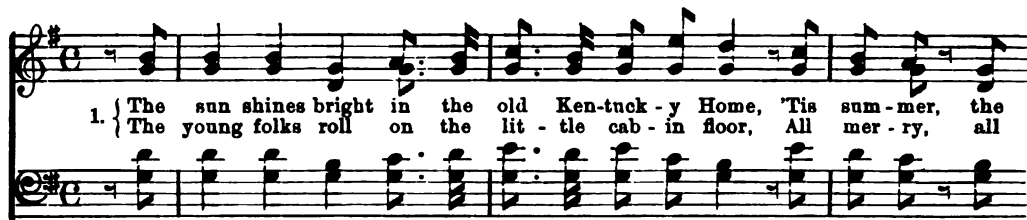
Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

- 2 All 'round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.—Cho.
- 3 One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming,
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?—Cho.

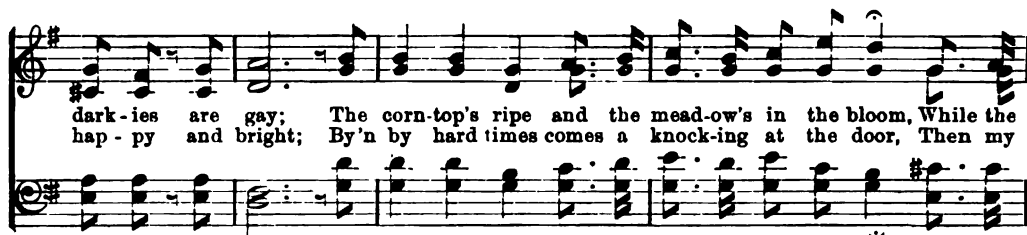
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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. { The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y Home, 'Tis sum-mer, the
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all



dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my

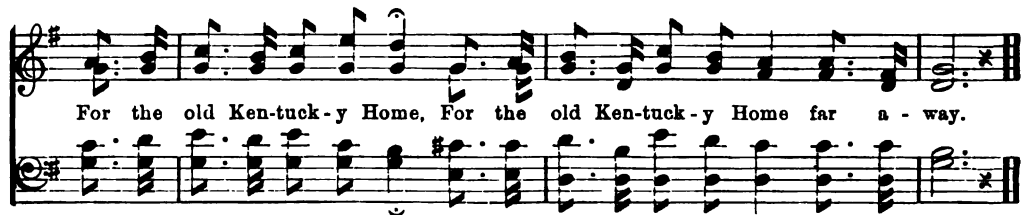


1. birds make mu-sic all the day; 2. old Ken-tuck-y Home, good-night!

Chorus.



Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song



For the old Ken-tuck-y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a-way.

- 2 They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, 3 The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; Wherever the darkey may go;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, A few more days and the trouble all will end
On the bench by the old cabin door; In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, A few more days for to tote the weary load,
With sorrow where all was delight; No matter, 'twill never be light;
The time has come when the darkies have to part, A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night. Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night.

CHO.—Weep no more, etc.


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OLD DOG TRAY.


Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. The morn of life is past, And eve - ning comes at last, It
 2. The forms I called my own Have van - ished one by one, The
 3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I



brings me a dream of once a hap - py day; Of mer - ry forms I've seen
 loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown,
 know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak,



Up - on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
 Their gen - tle voic - es gone; I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
 I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

Chorus.



Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's



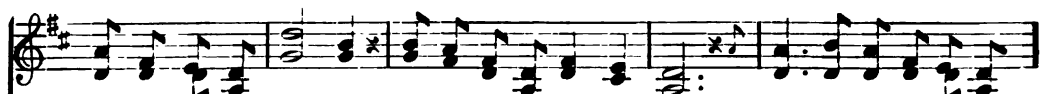
gen - tle, he is kind; I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

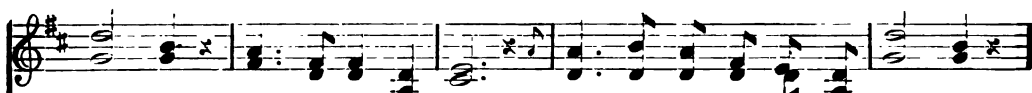
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

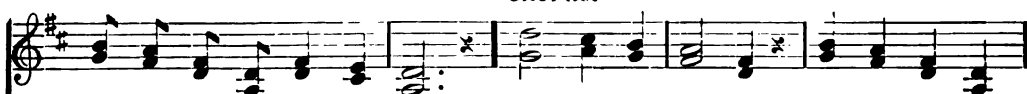


mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a
 hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now, de orange tree am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work before to -

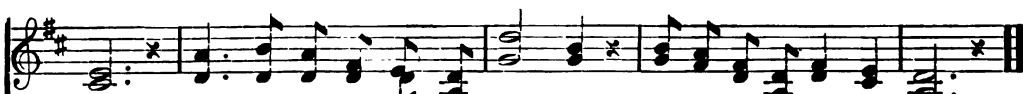


creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

Chorus.



Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
 Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more. } Down in de corn-field Hear dat mournful
 Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.



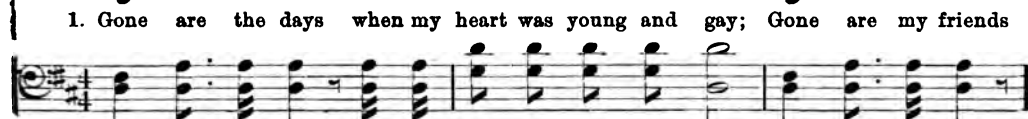

sound: All de dark-eyes am a weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

OLD BLACK JOE.

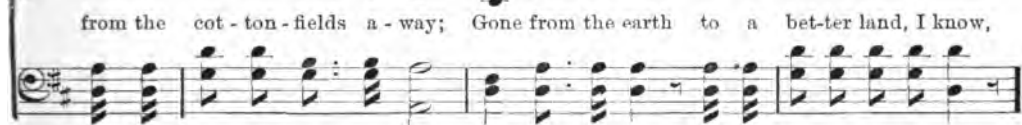

Written and Composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

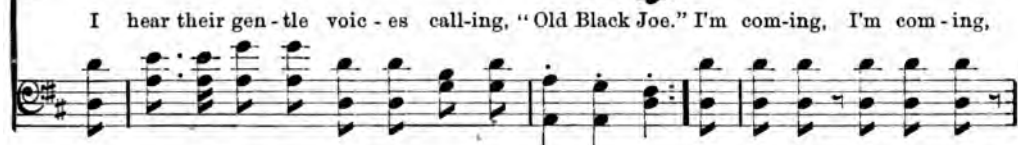

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,


Chorus.


I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing,




For my head is bending low; I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"



2 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 Cho.—I'm coming, etc.

3 Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
 The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 Cho.—I'm coming, etc.

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FORTY YEARS ON.

1. For - ty years on, when a - far and a - sun - der Part - ed are those who are
 2. Route and dis - com - fit - ures, rush - es and ral - lies, Goals that are tried for, and

sing - ing to - day. When we look back, and for - get - ful - ly won - der What we were
 res - cued, and won, Strife with - out an - ger, and art with - out mal - ice, — How will it

like in our work and our play; Then, it may be, there will oft - en come o'er us,
 seem to us, for - ty years on? Then, we shall say, not a fe - ver - ish min - ute

Glimp - es of notes like the catch of a song — Vis - ions of boy - hood shall
 Strain'd the weak heart and the wav - er - ing knee, Nev - er the bat - tle raged

SOLO.

float them be - fore us, Ech - oes of dream - land shall bear them a - long. Line
hot - test, but in it, Neith - er the last nor the faint - est, were we! Line

CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. FULL CHORUS, in marching time.

up! Line up! Line up! Line up! Line up! Line up! Till the field ring a - gain and a -

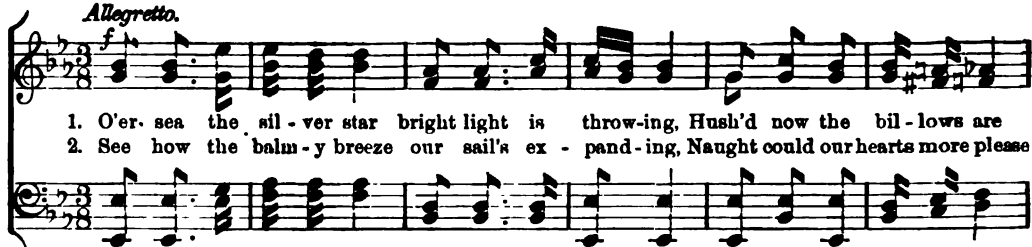
SOLO. CHORUS.

gain, With the tramp of the twen - ty - two men. Line up! Line up!

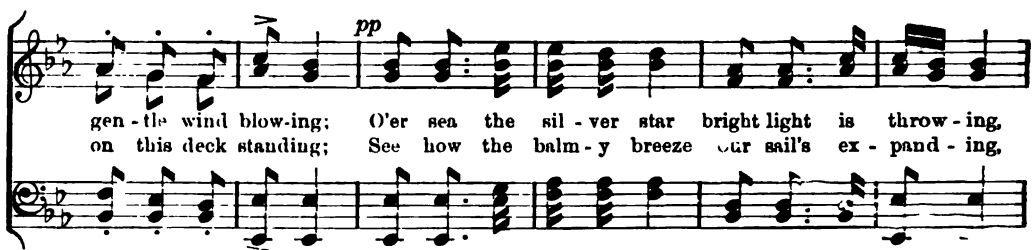
3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Line up! Line up! etc.

4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help us that once we were strong;
God give us goals to defend or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, touch-downs for the eager.
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Line up! Line up! etc.

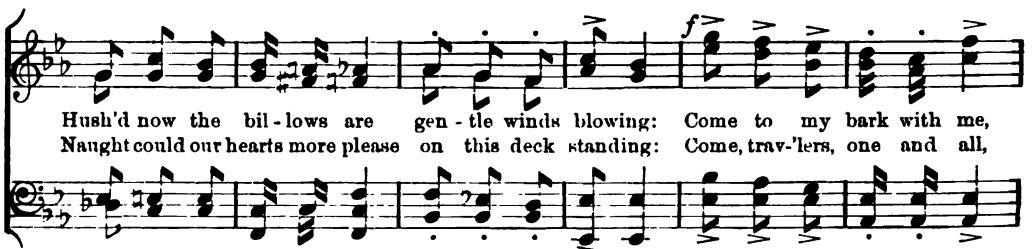
SANTA LUCIA.

Allegretto.


1. O'er sea the sil-ver star bright light is throw-ing, Hush'd now the bil-lows are
2. See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing, Naught could our hearts more please



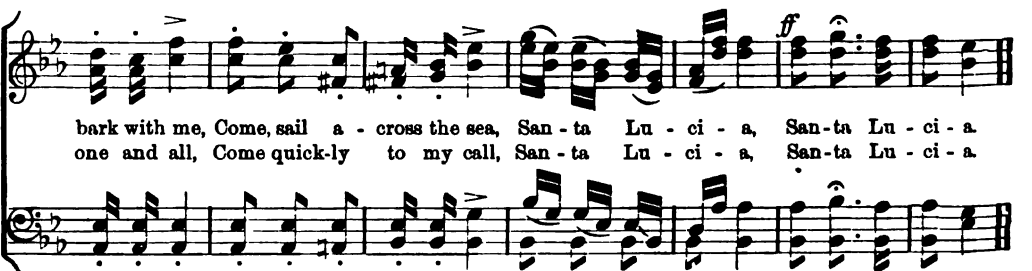
gen-tle wind blow-ing; O'er sea the sil-ver star bright light is throw-ing,
on this deck stand-ing; See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing,



Hush'd now the bil-lows are gen-tle winds blowing: Come to my bark with me,
Naught could our hearts more please on this deck stand-ing: Come, trav-lers, one and all,



Come, sail a-cross the sea, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a; Come to my
Come quick-ly to my call, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a; Come, trav-lers,



bark with me, Come, sail a-cross the sea, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a
one and all, Come quick-ly to my call, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a

SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

I. B. WOODBURY.

TENORS *Allegretto spiritoso.*

1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-
 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song-ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
 3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth-er hath
 4. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less now, Stoop not thy bright

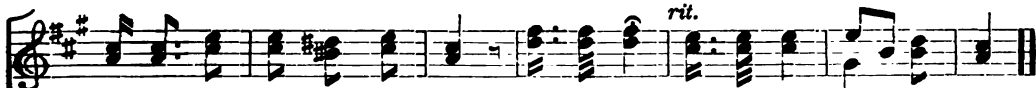
BASSES.



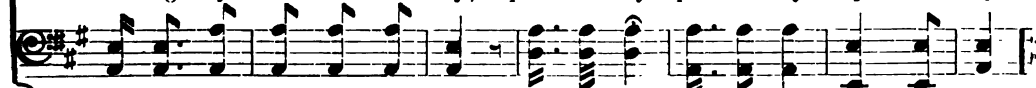
wait-ing thy com-ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the
 day by his cheer-less hearth-stone; That his tom-a-hawk lies all un-not-ed the
 ev-er a sad song to sing; That she stand-eth a-lone, in the still qui-et
 pin-ions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a-way o'er rock, riv-er, and



loved Who pine up-on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
 while, And his thin lips wreath ev-er in one sun-less smile; That the old chief-tain
 night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be-ing of light Who had slept in her
 glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a-gain. Up! on-ward! let



miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 bo-som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 noth-ing thy mis-sion de-lay; Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!



TO ALL YOU LADIES HERE TO-NIGHT.

AS SUNG BY THE PRINCETON GLEE CLUB.

Words by E. P. D., '79.

Music by DR. CALLCOTT.

1ST AND 2ND TENOR. *Allegretto.*

1. To all you la - dies here to - night, We stu - dents sing our glees; As -
 2. We sing of fel - low - ship and fun; Of com - mon cares and ills; Of
 3. Oh, that to you in days to come, When this night's songs are o'er, Some

sur - ing you 'tis our de - light Your gra - cious taste to please: Then list with fa - vor
 friendships form'd, careers be - gun Which shall fond hopes ful - fil. Your smile is dear - er
 kind - ly tho'ts of us may come, Of us and old Nas - sau! Oh, that you may re -

to the few Gay col - lege songs we sing to you, We sing to you.
 to our view Than fame, so now we sing to you, We sing to you.
 mem - ber, too, How here we stood, and sang to you, And sang to you.

CHORUS. *p* With a fa *cres.* *mf*
 With a fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la, With a

fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.

HUNTER'S FAREWELL.

MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto.

1. For - est fair, what might - y hand Hath in gran - deur thee cre - a - ted,
 2. Toils the bu - sy world be - low, Herds a - bove are peace - ful graz - ing,
 3. What we joy - ful pledge to - day Let us ev - er faith - ful cher - ish,

f

With glad heart and voice e - la - ted Will I praise him who thee
 Let our horns and voi - ces rais - ing Make all hearts with joy o'er
 Nev - er shall re - mem - brance per - ish Till our last song dies a -

plann'd..... heart e - la - ted Will I praise him who thee plann'd.
 flow..... voi - ces rais - ing Make all hearts with joy o'er - flow.
 way..... mem - brance per - ish Till our last song dies a - way.

plann'd. With glad voice and
 flow, Let our horns and
 way, Nev - er shall re -

pp

Fare thee well, Fare thee well. 1. 2. Fare thee 3. God pro -

Fare thee well,..... Fare thee well,..... 1. 2. Fare thee well,
 Fare thee well,.... 3. God pro - tect.....

Fare thee well. 1. 2. Fare thee 3. God pro -

well, thou for - est
 tect thee, for - est

f *pp* *f* *dim.*

..... thou for - est fair, 1. 2. Fare thee well, Fare thee well, thou for - est fair.
 thee, for - est fair, 3. Fare thee well, God pro - tect thee, for - est fair.

well, thou for - est
 tect thee, for - est

THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

JOSEPH D. REDDING.

ALL. ALL.

Thou art my own love, be-lieve me, Prom-ise you ne'er will de-ceive me.

SOLO. SOLO.

Ah,..... would that thou wert mine! Cu-pid, thou art but a lov-er,

SOLO.

Seek-ing for-ev-er Some fool-ish rogue of a lov-er, You will find him,

accel.

Nev-er fear. And oh, we'll dine on the fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine when

land,.....

land.

we have mar-ried been, my love, When we have mar-ried been, my love, And oh, we'll

land,.....

ritard.

dine on the fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine when we have mar-ried been.

land,.....

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SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

p Andante. *p* *poco riten.* *Crescendo e poco accel. al-f*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then whate'er be- fall me,
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart-en-fold thee: With spear and pennon glancing,
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

p *p* *cres.*

Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress.'. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are written below the staff, with a large curly brace grouping the final two lines of the verse.

I go where honor calls me.
I see the foe advancing.
I'll whisper soft when dying. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

VENI CREATOR, SPIRITUS.

As sung at the Inauguration of President Patton, 1968.

**BACH CHORALGESÄNGE.
ORGAN, ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.**

1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor, Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta,
2. Da gau - di - o - rum præ - mi - a, Da gra - ti - a - rum mu - ne - ra,
3. Sit laus Pa - tri cum Fi - li - o, San - cto si - mul Pa - træ - cli - to,

Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti a, Quæ tu cre - a sti..... pe - cto - ra.
Dis - sol - ve li - tis vin - cu - la, Ad - strin - ge pa - cis..... foe - de - m.
No - bis que mit - tat Fi - li - us, Cha - ri - sma San - cti..... Spi - ri - tus.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue grows a flow - 'ret, Call'd the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. If but a bird were I! Then to thy breast I'd fly, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Lov'd one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
 hawk I'd fear, If thou wert near. When by the fow - ler slain,

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 Yet, rich in love am I, That can - not die in me, On - ly be - lieve.
 I at thy feet shall lie, If sad - ly thou'dst complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

SWEET AND LOW.

J. BARNBY.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;.. Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;.. O - ver the roll - - ing
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; O ver the
 Fa - ther will come to his
 Fa ther will

wa - - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 wa - - ters go, Come..... from the moon and blow, Un - der the sil - ver
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, the west,
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

me,.... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
 moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her.... face it
 3. Like dew on th'gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in

cres.

An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true, Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
 is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

p

ne'er for - got will be, } And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e,
 a' the world to me,

LOVELY NIGHT.

F. X. CHWATAL.

Andantino, cres.

p 1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night, Spread-ing o-ver hill and mead-ow
 2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night, Plac-ing bright-er worlds be-fore us,

Soft and slow thy ha-zy shad-ow, Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close, And
 Hap-pi-ness thou shad-dest o'er us, O that we might ne'er re-tu-n To

f dim. p p

slum-ber in... thy blest re- pose; Soon our wea-ried
 this dull earth, to weep and mourn; O that we.... might

cres. p

eye-lid close,.... And slum-ber in... thy blest re- pose.
 ne'er.. re-tu-n..... To.. this.. dull earth, to weep and mourn.

THE TWO ROSES.

WERNER.

Andante, cres. p

mf 1. On a bank two ros-es fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers, Filled with dew, in

fra-grance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet flow-ers;

mf *cres.* *p*

Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

2 This in leaves of white arrayed,
Not a speck to dim them.
So I find the spotless mind
Which adorns my spotless maid,
Innocence's emblem.
Tell me, roses, etc.

3 Like her cheeks the blushing ray,
Which thy bud encloses;
Brighter far than you they are;
But her charms, if I should say,
You'd be jealous, roses.
Tell me, roses. etc.

SERENADE.

MARSCHNER.

Andante. *pp* *p* *pp*

1. O why art thou not near me, O,.... my love; The stars would mildly cheer thee,

p *pp* *SOLO.*

O,..... my love; The moon now dimly glow - ing, Her wan-ing light is throwing; Good

espressivo e ritard. *pp* *Tutti.*

night... my sweetest love, Good night... my sweetest love, Good night, my . love. .

pp

Good night, Good night, Good night,

2 Soft heaves the ocean's billow,
O, my love;
Wilt thou not leave thy pillow,
O, my love;
I wander forth despairing,
To night my woes declaring;
Good night, good night,
Good night, good night, my love.

3 My heart is almost rending,
O, my love;
With grief and joy contending,
O, my love;
Thy love I e'er shall cherish,
Till all things else shall perish;
Good night, good night,
Good night, good night, my love.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Words and Music by A. D. WALDRIDGE, '67.

1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep,

The first system of the musical score for 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are '1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep,'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Let their snow - y cur - tains down, Edged with fring - es gold - en brown.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Let their snow - y cur - tains down, Edged with fring - es gold - en brown.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

"All day long, the an - gels fair, I've been watch - ing o - ver there;

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '"All day long, the an - gels fair, I've been watch - ing o - ver there;'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Heav'n's not far, 'tis just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, Good-night;

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'Heav'n's not far, 'tis just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, Good-night;'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

By permission of W. A. FORD & Co.

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."

Obligato.

Chorus.

TENOR.

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my

SOPRANO

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my

morn-ing prayer; Kiss me, moth-er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."

morn-ing prayer; Kiss me, moth-er, do not weep. Now I lay me down to sleep."

2 Tangled ringlets, all smooth now,
 Looped back from the waxen brow;
 Little hands, so dimpled white,
 Clasped together, cold to-night,
 Where the mossy, daisied sod

Brought sweet messages from God.
 Two pale lips with kisses pressed,
 There we left her to her rest,
 And the dews of evening weep,
 Where we laid her down to sleep.—*Cho.*

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

SERENADE

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts tender and true, love,
 3. Speak, speak, love, I implore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,

Am I not fond-ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?
 Say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cherish for me?
 Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

rall. pp

3 Wind of the summer night,
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light,
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4 Dreams of the summer night,
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon-'ring thee, . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - er'd be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
 thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine, . . for thine.
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee, . . but thee.

FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! to the queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light,
 2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Shine on thro' night, rob'd in a - zure dye, We'll

Blithe - ly we dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the
 dance and we'll sport while the night - bird sings, Flap - ping the dew from the

hours a - way; Must we not love the still - y night, Dress'd in her robes of
 sa - ble wings; Sprites love to sport in the still moon - light, Play with the chords of

pur - est white; Heaven's arch - es ring, stars wake and sing, Hail, si - lent night!
 shadowy night, Then let us sing, time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night!

Chorus.

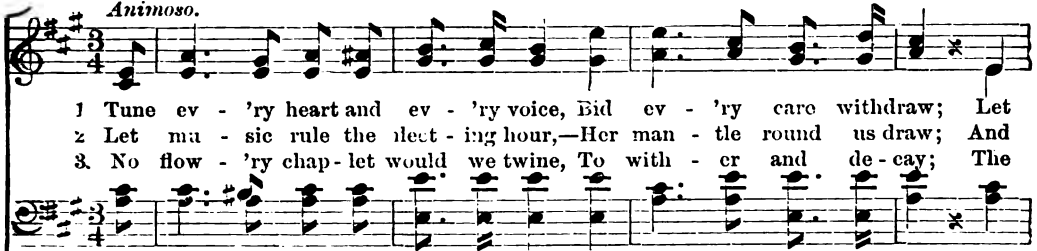
Fai - ry moon - - - - light.

Fai - ry moon - light, Fai - ry moon - light, Fai - ry moonlight, Fai - ry moon - light,
 Fai - ry moon - - - - light.

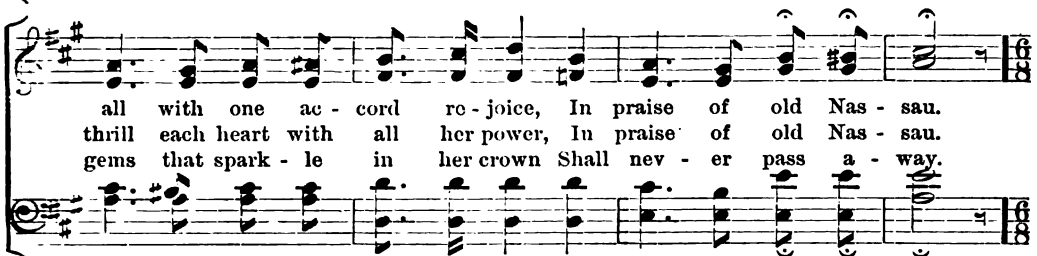
OLD NASSAU.

WORDS BY H. P. PECK, '62.

MUSIC BY CARL LANGLOTZ.

Animoso.


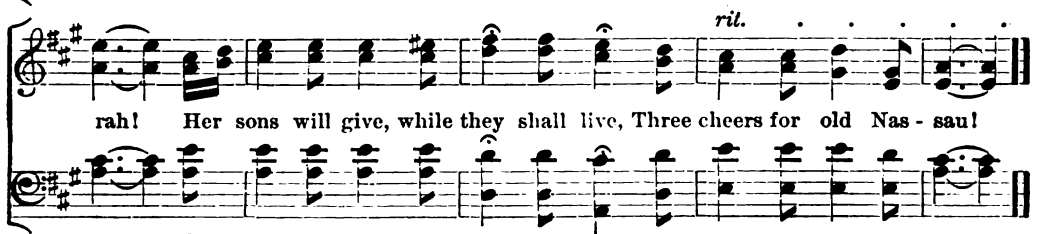
1 Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care withdraw; Let
 2 Let ma - sic rule the deat - ing hour,—Her man - tle round us draw; And
 3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The



all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau.
 thrill each heart with all her power, In praise of old Nas - sau.
 gems that spark - le in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way.

CHORUS. *piu presto.*


In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
 In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.
 Shall nev - er pass a - way, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.




rah! Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!

4 And when these walls in dust are laid,
 With reverence and awe,
 Another throng shall breathe our song,
 In praise of old Nassau.
 Cho.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

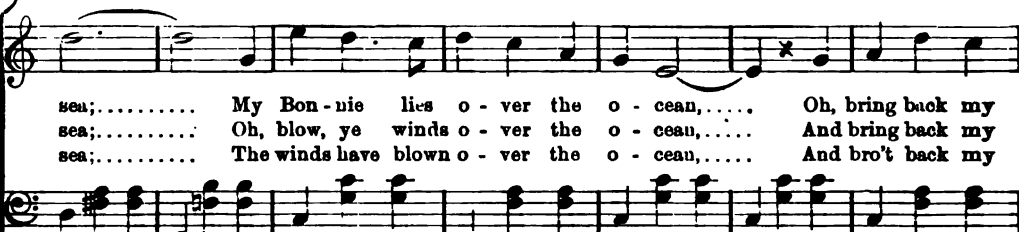
5 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
 And while a breath we draw,
 We'll all unite to shout and sing,
 Long life to old Nassau!
 Cho.—Long life to old Nassau, etc.

NOTE.—The above is the original and the correct music of this famous song. It is now sometimes sung with a slightly different accent, which will be found indicated on page 5.

BONNIE.

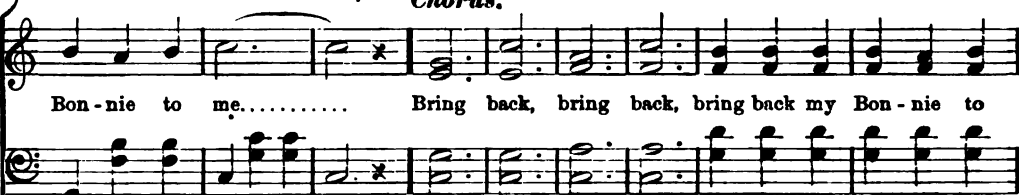


1. My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... My Bon-nie lies o - ver the
 2. Oh, blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... And blow, ye winds o - ver the
 3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... The winds have blown o - ver the

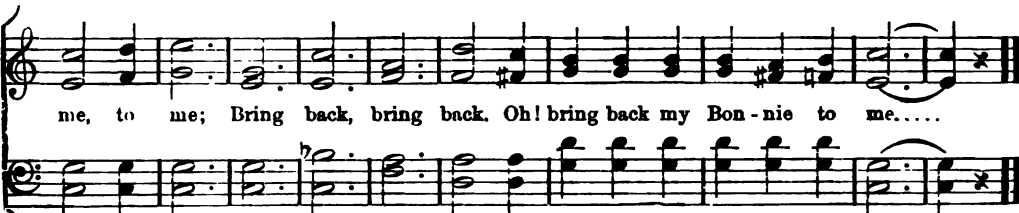


sea;..... My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh, bring back my
 sea;..... Oh, blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... And bring back my
 sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... And bro't back my

Chorus.



Bon-nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to



me, to me; Bring back, bring back. Oh! bring back my Bon-nie to me.....

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